

THE  
V I C A R  
OF  
WAKEFIELD  
A T A L E.

Supposed to be written by HIMSELF.

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*Sperate miseri, cavete felices.*

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V O L. II.

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PHILADELPHIA:

PRINTED FOR WILLIAM MENTZ, AND SOLD  
MOST OF THE BOOKSELLERS IN AMERICA.

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M,DCC,LXXII.

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## CHAP. I.

the history of a philosophic vagabond, pursuing novelty, but losing content.

AFTER we had supped, Mrs. Arnold politely offered to send a couple of her footmen for my baggage, which he at first seemed to decline; but on her pressing the request, he was obliged to inform me, that a stick and a wallet were all the moveable things upon this earth that he could boast of. "Why, then, my son," cried I, "you left me but poor, and now I find you are come back; and yet I make no doubt you have seen a great deal of the world."—"Yes, Sir," replied my son, "but travelling after fortune, is not the way to secure her; and, indeed, of late, I have desisted from the pursuit,"—"I fancy so," cried Mrs. Arnold, "that the account of your adventures would be amusing: the first part of them I have often heard from my niece: but could the company prevail for the rest, it would be an additional obligation."—"Madam," replied my son, "I can promise you the pleasure you have in hearing, but not be half so great as my vanity in the recital, and yet in the whole narrative I can scarce promise you one adventure, as my account is not of what I saw, but what I saw. The first misfortune of my life, which you all know was great; but tho' it distressed, could not sink me. No person ever had a better knack of hoping than I. The less kind I found fortune then, the more I expected from her another time, and being at the bottom of her wheel, every new revolution might lift, but could not depress me. I proceeded therefore, towards London in a fine morning no way uneasy at to-morrow, but chearful as the birds that caroll'd on the road. I comforted myself with various reflections, that

that London was the true mart where abilities of every kind were sure of meeting distinction and reward.

“ Upon my arrival in town, Sir, my first care was to deliver your letter of recommendation to your cousin who was himself in little better circumstances than me. My first scheme, you know, Sir, was to be the usher at an academy, and I asked his advice on the affair. Our cousin received the proposal with a true Sardonian grin. Aye, cried he, this is a pretty career, indeed, that has been chalked out for you. I have been once an usher at a boarding school myself; and may I die by an anodyne necklace, but I had rather be an under turnkey in Newgate. I was up early and late: I was brow-beat by the master, hated for my ugly face by the mistress, worried by the boys within and never permitted to stir out to meet civility abroad. But are you sure you are fit for a school? Let me examine you a little. Have you been bred apprentice to the business? No. Then you won't do for a school. Can you dress the boys hair? No. Then you won't do for a school. Have you had the small pox? No. Then you won't do for a school. Can you lie three in a bed? No. Then you will never do for a school. Have you got a good stomach? No. Then you will by no means do for a school. No, Sir, if you are for a genteel easy profession bind yourself seven years as an apprentice to turn a cutler's wheel; but avoid a school by any means. But come, continued he, I see you are a lad of spirit and some learning, what do you think of commencing author, like me? You have read in books, no doubt, of men of genius starving at the trade: but at present I shew you forty very dull fellows about town that live by in opulence. All honest jogg trotmen, who go smoothly and dully, and write history and politics, are praised; and who, had they been bred cobblers would all their lives have only mended shoes, but never made them.”

“ Finding that there was no great degree of gentility affixed to the character of an usher, I resolved to accept the proposal; and having the highest respect for literature I hailed the antiqua mater of Grub-street with reverence. I thought it my glory to pursue a track which Dryden

Otway trod before me. In fact, I considered the goddess of this region as the parent of excellence; and however an intercourse with the world might give us good sense, the poverty she granted was the nurse of genius! Big with these reflections, I sat down, and finding that the best things remained to be said on the wrong side, I resolved to write a book that should be wholly new. I therefore dressed up three paradoxes with some genuity. They were false, indeed, but they were new. The jewels of truth have been so often imported from others, that nothing was left for me to import but some splendid things that at a distance looked every bit as well. Witness you powers what fancied importance I perched upon my quill while I was writing. The whole learned world, I made no doubt, would rise to oppose my systems; but then I was prepared to oppose the whole learned world. Like the porcupine I sat myself collected, with a quill pointed against every opposer." "Well said my boy," cried I, "and what subject will you treat upon? I hope you did not pass over the importance of Hierarchical monogamy. But I interrupt, please; you published your paradoxes; well, and what will the learned world say to your paradoxes?" "Sir," replied my son, "the learned world said nothing to my paradoxes? nothing at all, Sir. Every man of them was employed in praising his friends and himself, or condemning his enemies; and unfortunately, as I had neither, I suffered the cruellest mortification, and was rejected."

As I was meditating one day in a coffee-house on the fate of my paradoxes, a little man happening to enter the room, placed himself in the box before me, and after some preliminary discourse, finding me to be a scholar, drew out a bundle of proposals, begging me to subscribe to a new edition he was going to give the world of Propertius, with notes. This demand necessarily produced a reply that I had no money; and that confession led him on to enquire into the nature of my occupations. Finding that my expectations were just as low as my purse, I see, cried he, you are unacquainted with the town, I'll teach you a part of it. Look at these proposals, upon these very proposals I have subsisted.

ed very comfortably for twelve years. The moment a nobleman returns from his travels, a Creolian arrives from Jamaica, or a dowager from her country seat, strike for a subscription. I first besiege their hearts with flattery, and then pour in my proposals at the breach. If they subscribe readily the first time, I renew my request to beg a dedication fee. If they let me have that, I smite them once more for engraving their coat of arms at the top. Thus, continued he, I live by vanity and labour at it. But between ourselves, I am now too well known. I should be glad to borrow your face a bit : a nobleman of distinction has just returned from Italy ; my face is familiar to his porter ; but if you bring this copy-press, my life for it you succeed, and we divide the spoil.

" Bless us, George," cried I, " and is that the employment of poets now ! Do men of their exalted talents thus stoop to beggary ! Can they so far disgrace their calling, as to make a vile traffic of praise for bread !"

" O no, Sir," returned he, " a true poet can never be so base ; for wherever there is genius there is pride. The creatures I now describe are only beggars in rhyme. The real poet, as he braves every hardship for fame, he is equally a coward to contempt, and none but the unworthy protection condescend to solicit it."

" Having a mind too proud to stoop to such indignities, and yet a fortune too humble to hazard a second attempt for fame, I was now obliged to take a middle course, and write for bread. But I was unqualified for a profession where mere industry alone could ensure success. I could not suppress my lurking passion for applause : but usually consumed that time in efforts at excellence which takes up but little room, when it should have been more advantageously employed in the diffuse productions of fruitful mediocrity. My little piece was come forth in the midst of a periodical publication, unnoticed and unknown. The public were more importantly employed, than to observe the easy simplicity of my style, or the harmony of my periods. Sheet after sheet was thrown off to oblivion. My essays were buried among the essays upon liberty, eastern tales, and other the bite of a mad dog ; while Philautos, Philautos,

hillelutheros, and Philanthropos, all wrote better, because they wrote faster, than I."

"Now, therefore, I began to associate with none but disappointed authors, like myself, who praised, deplored, and despised each other. The satisfaction we found in every celebrated writer's attempts, was inversely as their merits. I found that no genius in another could please me. My unfortunate paradoxes had entirely dried up that source of comfort. I could neither read nor write with satisfaction; for excellence in another was my aversion, and writing was my trade."

"In the midst of these gloomy reflections, as I was one day sitting on a bench in St. James's park, a young gentleman of distinction who had been my intimate acquaintance at the university, approached me. We saluted each other with some hesitation, he almost ashamed of being known to one who made so shabby an appearance, and I afraid of a repulse. But my suspicions soon vanished; for Ned Thornhill was at the bottom a very good-natured fellow."

"What did you say, George?" interrupted I. Thornhill, was not that his name? - it can certainly be no other than my landlord."———"Bless me," cried Mrs. Arnold, "is Mr. Thornhill so near a neighbour of yours? He has long been a friend in our family, and we expect a visit from him shortly."

"My friend's first care," continued my son, "was to alter my appearance by a very fine suit of his own cloaths, and then I was admitted to his table upon the footing of half-friend, half-underling. My business was to attend him at auctions, to put him in spirits when he sat for his picture, to take the left hand in his right when not filled by another, and to assist at tatter-gaping, as the phrase was, when we had a mind for a public. Besides this, I had twenty other little employments in the family. I was to do many small things without bidding; to carry the cork screw; to stand godfather to all the butler's children; to sing when I was asked; to be never out of humour; always to be humble, if I could, to be happy."

"In this honourable post, however, I was not with-



out a rival. A captain of marines, who seemed formed for the place by nature, opposed me in my patron's affections. His mother had been laundress to a man of quality, and thus he early acquired a taste for pimping and pedigree. As this gentleman made it the study of his life to be acquainted with lords, though he was dismissed from several for his stupidity; yet he found many of them who permitted his assiduities, being as dull as himself. As flattery was his trade, he practised it with the easiest address imaginable; but it came awkward and stiff from me; and as every day my patron's desire of flattery increased, so every hour being better acquainted with his defects, I became more unwilling to give it. Thus I was once more fairly going to give up the field to the captain, when my friend found occasion for my assistance. This was nothing less than to fight a duel for him, with a gentleman whose sister it was pretended he had used ill. I readily complied with his request, and tho' I see you are displeased at my conduct, yet as it was a debt indispensably due to friendship, I could not refuse. I undertook the affair disarmed my antagonist and soon after had the pleasure of finding that the lady was only a woman of the town, and the fellow her bully and a sharper. This piece of service was repaid with the warmest professions of gratitude; but as my friend was to leave town in a few days, he knew no other method to serve me, but by recommending me to his uncle Sir William Thornhill, and another nobleman of great distinction, who enjoyed a post under the government. When he was gone, my first care was to carry his recommendation to his uncle, a man whose character for every virtue was universal yet just. I was received by his servants with the most hospitable smiles; for the looks of the domestics ever transmit their master's benevolence. Being shewn into a grand apartment, where Sir William soon came to me, I delivered my message and letter which he read, and after pausing some minutes, Pray Sir, cried he, inform me what you have done for my kinsman, to deserve this warm recommendation? But I suppose, Sir, I guess at your merits, you have fought for him; and so you would expect a reward from me, being the instrument of his vices. I wish, sincerely

that my present refusal may be some punishment for your guilt; but still more, that it may be some inducement to your repentance.——The severity of this rebuke I bore patiently, because I knew it was just. My whole expectations now, therefore, lay in my letter to the great man. As the doors of the nobility are almost ever beset with beggars, all ready to thrust in some sly petition, I found it no easy matter to gain admittance. However, after bribing the servants with half my worldly fortune, I was at last shewn into a spacious apartment, my letter being previously sent up for his lordship's inspection. During this anxious interval I had full time to look round me. Every thing was grand, and of happy contrivance: the paintings, the furniture, the gildings, petrified me with awe, and raised my idea of the owner. Ah, thought I to myself, how very great must the possessor of all these things be, who carries in his head the business of the state, and whose house displays half the wealth of a kingdom: sure his genius must be unfathomable! During these awful reflections I heard a step come heavily forward. Ah, this is the great man himself; No, it was only a chambermaid. Another foot was heard soon after. This must be He! No, it was only the great man's valet de chambre. At last his lordship actually made his appearance. Are you, cried he, the bearer of this letter? I answered with a bow. I learn by this" continued he, "as how that—But just at that instant a servant delivered him a card, and without taking farther notice, he went out of the room, and left me to digest my own happiness at leisure. I saw no more of him, till told by a footman that his lordship was going to his coach at the door. Down I immediately followed, and joined my voice to that of three or four more, who came, like me, to petition for favours. His lordship, however, went too fast for us, and was gaining his chariot door with large strides, when I hallooed out to know if I was to have any reply. He was by this time got in, and muttered an answer, half of which only I heard, the other half was lost in the rattling of his chariot wheels. I stood for some time with my neck stretched out, in the posture of one that was listening, to catch the glorious

sounds till looking round me, I found myself alone at his lordship's gate."

"My patience," continued my son, "was now quite exhausted: stung with the thousand indignities I had met with, I was willing to cast myself away, and only wanted the gulph to receive me. I regarded myself as one of those vile things that nature designed should be thrown by into her lumber room, there to perish in unpitied obscurity. I had still however, half a guinea left, and of that I thought fortune herself should not deprive me: but in order to be sure of this I was resolved to go instantly and spend it while I had it, and then trust to occurrences for the rest. As I was going along with this resolution, it happened that Mr. Cripse's office seemed invitingly open to give me a welcome reception. In this office Mr. Cripse kindly offers all his majesty's subjects a generous promise of 30*l.* a year, for which promise all they give in return is their liberty for life, and permission to let him transport them to America as slaves. I was happy at finding a place where I could lose my fears in desperation, and therefore entered this cell; for it had the appearance of one, being dark, damp, and dirty. Here I found a number of poor creatures, all in circumstances like myself, expecting the arrival of Mr. Cripse, presenting a true epitome of English impatience. Each untractable soul at variance with fortune, wreaked her injuries on their own hearts: but Mr. Cripse at last came down, and all our murmurs were hushed. He deigned to regard me with an air of peculiar approbation, and indeed he was the first man who for a month past talked to me with smiles. After a few questions, he found I was fit for every thing in the world. He paused a while upon the properest means of providing for me, and scratching his forehead, as if he had found it, assured me, that there was at that time an embassy talked of from the senod of Pennsylvania to the Chickasaw Indians, and that he would use his interest to get me made secretary. I knew in my own heart that the fellow lied, and yet his promise gave me pleasure, there was something so magnificent in the sound. I fairly, therefore, divided my half guinea, one half of which went to be added to thirty thousand pounds, and with the other half I



olved to go to the next tavern, to be there more happy than he.

"As I was going out with that resolution, I was met at the door by the captain of a ship, with whom I had formerly some little acquaintance, and he agreed to be my companion over a bowl of punch. As I never chose to make a secret of my circumstances, he assured me that I was upon the very point of ruin, in listening to the office-keeper's promises; for that he only designed to sell me to the plantations." "But," continued he, "I fancy you might, by a much shorter voyage, be very easily put into a genteel way of bread. Take my advice. My ship sails to-morrow for Amsterdam; what if you go with her as a passenger? The moment you land all you have to do is to teach the Dutchmen English, and I'll warrant you'll get pupils and money enough. I suppose you understand English," added he, "by this time, or the necessity is in it." I confidently assured him of that; but expressed a doubt whether the Dutch would be willing to learn English. He affirmed with an oath that they were fond of it to distraction; and upon that affirmation I agreed with his proposal, and embarked the next day to teach the Dutch English in Holland. The wind was fair, our voyage short, and after having paid my passage with half my moveables, I found myself, fallen as if from the skies, a stranger in one of the principal streets of Amsterdam. In this situation I was unwilling to let any time pass unemployed in teaching. I addressed myself therefore to two or three of those I met, whose appearance seemed most promising; but it was impossible to make ourselves mutually understood. It was not till this very moment I recollected, that in order to teach the Dutchmen English, it was necessary that they should first speak me Dutch. How I came to overlook so obvious an objection, is to me amazing; but certain it is I overlooked it.

This scheme thus blown up, I had some thoughts of immediately shipping back to England again; but happening to go on board with an Irish student, who was returning from Louvain, our conversation turning upon topics of literature, (for by the way it may be observed, that I have since forgot the meanness of my circumstances when I could

could converse upon such subjects) from him I learned that there were not two men in his whole university who understood Greek. This amazed me. I instantly resolved to travel to Louvain, and there live by teaching Greek; and in this design I was heartened by my brother student, who threw out some hints that a fortune might be got by it.

I set boldly forward the next morning. Every day lessened the burthen of my moveables, like Æsop and his basket of bread; for I paid them for my lodgings to the Dutch as I travelled on. When I came to Louvain, I was resolved not to go sneaking to the lower professors but openly tendered my talents to the principal himself. I went, had admittance, and offered him my service as a master of the Greek language, which I had been told was a desideratum in his university. The *principal* seemed at first to doubt of my abilities; but of these I offered to convince him, by turning a part of any Greek author he should fix upon into Latin. Finding me perfectly earnest in my proposal, he addressed me thus: "You see me, young man," continued he, "I never learned Greek, and I don't find that I ever missed it. I have had a doctor's cap and gown without Greek: I have ten thousand florins a year without Greek: and I eat heartily without Greek. In short," continued he, "I don't know Greek, and I do not believe there is any use in it."

I was now too far from home to think of returning; so I resolved to go forward. I had some knowledge of music, with a tolerable voice, and now turned what was once my amusement into a present means of bare subsistence. I passed among the harrassed peasants of Flanders and among such of the French as were poor enough to be very merry; for I ever found them sprightly in proportion to their wants. Whenever I approached a peasant's house towards night-fall, I played one of my merry tunes, and that procured me not only a lodging but subsistence for the next day. I once or twice attempted to play for people of fashion; but they thought my performance odious, and never rewarded me even with a trifle. This was to me the more extraordinary, as whenever I used formerly to play for company, when playing was my amusement, my musicians

ailed to throw them into raptures, and the ladies especially; but as it was now my only means, it was received with contempt: a proof how ready the world is to under-rate those talents which a man lives by.

In this manner I proceeded to Paris, with no design but just to look about me, and then to go forward. The people of Paris are much fonder of strangers that have money, than of those that have wit. You may imagine then, as I could not boast much of either, that I was no great favourite. After I had walked about the town four or five days, and seen the outsides of the best houses, I was preparing to leave this retreat of venal hospitality, when passing through one of the principal streets, whom should I meet but our cousin, to whom you first recommended me. This meeting was very agreeable to me, and I believe not displeasing to him. He enquired into the nature of my journey to Paris, and informed me of his business there, which was to collect pictures, medals, inscriptions, and antiques of all kinds, for a gentleman in London, who had just stepped into taste and a large fortune. I was still more surprised and pleased, when our cousin touched upon for this office, as himself had been ten assured that he knew nothing of the matter. In my asking how he had been taught the art of a connoisseur so very suddenly, he assured me that nothing was more easy. The whole secret consisted in a strict adherence to two rules: the one always to observe, that the picture might have been better if the painter had taken more pains; and the other, to praise the works of Pietro Perugino. It, says he, as I once taught you how to be an author in London, I'll now undertake to instruct you in the art of picture buying at Paris.

With this proposal I very readily closed, as it was a long, and now all my ambition was to live. I went therefore to his lodgings, improved my dress by his assistance, and after some time, accompanied him to auctions of pictures, where the English gentry were expected to be purchasers. I was not a little surprised at his intimacy with people of the best fashion, who referred themselves to his judgment upon every picture or medal, as to an unerring standard of taste. He made very good use of my assistance upon these occasions; for when asked,

ed his opinion, he would gravely take me aside, and ask me, mine, shrug, look wise, return, and assure the company, that he could give no opinion upon an affair of so much importance. Yet there was sometimes an occasion for a more supported assurance. I remember to have seen him, after giving his opinion that the colouring of a picture was not mellow enough, very deliberately take a brush with brown varnish, that was accidentally lying in the place, and rub it over the piece with great composure before all the company, and then ask if he had not improved the tints.

When he had finished his commission in Paris, he left me strongly recommended to several men of distinction, as a person very proper for a travelling tutor; and I was after some time employed in that capacity by a gentleman who brought his ward to Paris, in order to set him forward on his tour through Europe. I was to be the young gentleman's governor, with this injunction, that he should always be permitted to direct himself. My pupil in fact <sup>practised</sup> the art of guiding in money concerns much <sup>more</sup> than I. He was heir to a fortune of about two <sup>hundred</sup> thousand pounds, left him by an uncle in the West-Indies; and his guardians, to qualify him for the management of it, had bound him apprentice to an attorney. Thus avarice was his prevailing passion: all his questions on the road were, how money might be saved; which was the least expensive course of travel; whether any thing could be bought that would turn to account when disposed of again in London. Such curiosities on the way as could be seen for nothing he was ready enough to look at; but if the sight was to be paid for, he usually asserted that he had been told it was not worth seeing. He never paid a bill, that he would not observe, how amazingly expensive travelling was, and at this though he was not yet come to the age of twenty-one. When arrived at Leghorn, as we took a walk to look at the port and shipping, he enquired the expense of the passage by sea home to England. This he was informed was but a trifle, compared to his returning to land, he was therefore unable to withstand the temptation; so paying me the small part of my salary that was then due, he took leave, and embarked with only one attendant for London.

I now therefore was left once more upon the world at large, but then it was a thing I was used to. However my skill in music could avail me nothing in a country where every peasant was a better musician than I; but at this time I had acquired another talent, which answered my purpose as well, and this was a skill in disputation. In all the foreign universities and convents, there were upon certain days philosophical theses maintained against every adventitious disputant; for which, if the champion opposes with any dexterity, he can claim a quantity in money, a dinner, and a bed for one night. In this manner therefore I fought my way towards England, and walked along from city to city, examined mankind more nearly, and, if I may so express it, saw both sides of the picture. My remarks however, were few: I found that monarchy was the best government for the poor to live in, and common-wealths for the rich. I found that riches in general were in every country another name for freedom; and that no man is so fond of freedom himself that he would not chuse to subject the will of some individuals of society to his own. Upon my arrival in England, I resolved to pay my respects first to you, and then to enlist as a volunteer in the first expedition that was sent out; but on my journey down my resolutions were changed, by meeting an acquaintance, who I found belonged to a company of comedians, that were going to make a summer campaign in the country. The company seemed not much to disapprove of me for an associate. They all, however, apprized me of the importance of the task at which I was engaged; that the public was a many headed monster, and that only such as had very good heads could please it: that acting was not to be learned in a day; and that without some traditional shrugs, which had been on the stage, and only on the stage, these hundred years, I could never pretend to please. The next difficulty was to furnish me with parts, as almost every character was in competition. I was driven, for some time, from one character to another, till at last Horatio was fixed upon, which the presence of the present company happily ordered me from acting."



## C H A P. II.

The short continuance of friendship amongst the vicious which is coeval only with mutual satisfaction.

**M**Y son's account was too long to be delivered at once, the first part of it was begun the night, and he was concluding the rest after dinner the next day, when the appearance of Mr. Thornhill's equipage at the door seemed to make a pause in the general satisfaction. The butler, who was now become my friend in the family, informed me with a whisper that the 'Squire had already made some overtures to Miss Wilmot, and that her aunt and uncle seemed highly to approve the match. Upon Mr. Thornhill's entering, he seemed, at seeing my son and me, to start back, but I readily imputed that to surprize, and not displeasure. However, upon our advancing to salute him, he returned our greeting with the most apparent candour, and after a short time, his presence seemed only to create the general good humour.

After tea he called me aside, to enquire after my daughter; but upon my informing him that my enquiry was unsuccessful, he seemed greatly surprized, adding, that he had been since frequently at my house in order to comfort the rest of my family, whom he loved perfectly well. He then asked if I had communicated her misfortune to Miss Wilmot, or my son; and upon my replying that I had not told them as yet, he greatly approved my prudence and precaution, desiring me by all means to keep it a secret; "For at best," cried he, "it is but divulging one's own infamy; and perhaps Miss Livy may not be so guilty as we imagine." We were here interrupted by a servant who came to ask the 'Squire in, to stand up at court-dances; so that he left me quite pleased with the interest he seemed to take in my concerns. His

dra

resses, however, to Miss Wilmot, were too obvious to be mistaken; and yet she seemed not perfectly pleased, but bore them rather in compliance to the will of her aunt, than from real inclination. I had even the satisfaction to see her lavish some kind looks upon my unfortunate son, which the other could neither extort by his fortune nor assiduity. Mr. Thornhill's seeming composure, however, not a little surprised me: we had now continued here a week, at the pressing instances of Mr. Arnold; but each day the more tenderness Miss Wilmot showed my son, Mr. Thornhill's friendship seemed proportionably to encrease for him.

He had formerly made us the most kind assurances of using his interest to serve the family; but now his generosity was not confined to promises alone: the morning I designed for my departure, Mr. Thornhill came to me with looks of real pleasure to inform me of a piece of service he had done for his friend George. This was nothing less than his having procured him an ensign's commission in one of the regiments that was going to the West-Indies, for which he had promised but one hundred pounds, his interest having been sufficient to get an abatement of the other two. "As for this trifling piece of service," continued the young gentleman, "I desire no other reward but the pleasure of having served my friend; and as for the hundred pound to be paid, if you are unable to raise it yourselves, I will advance it, and you shall repay me at your leisure." This was a favour we wanted words to express our sense of: I readily therefore gave my bond for the money, and testified as much gratitude as if I never intended to repay.

George was to depart for town the next day to procure his commission, in pursuance of his generous patron's directions, who judged it highly expedient to use dispatch, lest in the mean time another should step in with more advantageous proposals. The next morning, therefore, our young soldier was early prepared for departure, and seemed the only person among us that was not affected by it. Neither the fatigues and dangers he was going to encounter, nor the friends and

mistress, for Miss Wilmot actually loved him, he was  
 leaving behind, any way damped his spirits. After he  
 had taken leave of the rest of the company, I gave him  
 all I had, my blessing. "And now, my boy," cried I  
 "thou art going to fight for thy country, remember  
 "how thy brave grandfather fought for his sacred king  
 "when loyalty among Britons was a virtue. Go, my  
 "boy, and imitate him in all but his misfortunes, if  
 "was a misfortune to die with Lord Falkland. Go  
 "my boy, and if you fall, tho' distant, exposed and un-  
 "wept by those that love you, the most precious tears  
 "are those with which heaven bedews the unburied  
 "head of a soldier."

The next morning I took leave of the good fa-  
 mily, that had been kind enough to entertain me  
 so long, not without several expressions of gratitude  
 to Mr. Thornhill for his late bounty. I left them  
 the enjoyment of all that happiness which affluence and  
 good breeding procure, and returned towards home  
 despairing of ever finding my daughter more, but send-  
 ing a sigh to heaven to spare and to forgive her.  
 I was now come within about twenty miles of home  
 having hired an horse to carry me, as I was yet  
 but weak, and comforted myself with the hopes of  
 soon seeing all I held dearest upon earth. But the  
 night coming on, I put up at a little public house  
 by the road-side, and asked for the landlord's company  
 over a pint of wine. We sat beside his kitchen fire  
 which was the best room in the house, and chatted  
 on politics and the news of the country. We happened  
 among other topics, to talk of young Squire Thornhill  
 whom the host assured me was hated as much as  
 uncle of his, who sometimes came down to the  
 country, was loved. He went on to observe, that  
 he made it his whole study to betray the daughters  
 of such as received him to their houses, and after  
 fortnight or three weeks possession, he turned them  
 unregarded and abandoned to the world. As we con-  
 tinued our discourse in this manner, his wife, who  
 been out to get change; returned, and perceiving  
 her husband was enjoying a pleasure in which she  
 not a sharer, she asked him, in an angry tone, what



he did there, to which he only replied in an ironical  
 ray by drinking her health. "Mr. Symmonds," cried  
 he, "you use me very ill, and I'll bear it no longer.  
 Here three parts of the business is left for me to  
 do, and the fourth left unfinished; while you do  
 nothing but soak with the guests all day long, where-  
 as if a spoonful of liquor were to cure me of a fever,  
 I never touch a drop." I now found what she would  
 at, and immediately poured her out a glass, which  
 she received with a curtesy, and drinking towards my  
 good health, "Sir," resumed she, "it is not so much  
 for the value of the liquor I am angry, but one can-  
 not help it, when the house is going out of the win-  
 dows. If the customers or guests are to be dunned,  
 all the burthen lies upon my back, he'd as lief eat  
 that glass as budge after them himself. There now  
 above stairs, we have a young woman who has come  
 to take up her lodgings here, and I don't believe she  
 has got any money by her over civility. I am certain  
 she is very slow of payment, and I wish she were  
 put in mind of it."—"What signifies minding  
 her," cried the host, "if she be slow, she is sure."  
 —"I don't know that," replied the wife; "but I  
 know that I am sure she has been here a fortnight,  
 and we have not yet seen the cross of her money."  
 —"I suppose, my dear," cried he, "we shall have  
 it all in a lump."—"In a lump!" cried the other,  
 "I hope we may get it any way; and that I am resolved  
 we shall this very night, or out she tramps, bag and  
 baggage."—"Consider, my dear," cried the hus-  
 band, "she is a gentlewoman, and deserves more re-  
 spect."—"As for the matter of that," returned the host-  
 ess, "gentle or simple, out she shall pack with a fassa-  
 rara. Gentry may be good things where they take,  
 but for my part I never saw much good of them at  
 the sign of the Harrow."—Thus saying, she ran  
 a narrow flight of stairs, that went from the kitchen  
 a room over-head, and I soon perceived by the  
 loudness of her voice, and the bitterness of her re-  
 marks, that no money was to be had from her  
 longer. I could hear her remonstrances very distinctly:  
 "Out, I say, pack out this moment, tramp, thou in-

famous strumpet, or I'll give thee a mark thou won't be the better for this three months. What! you trumpery to come and take up an honest house, without cross or coin to bless yourself with; come along, I say."—"O dear madam," cried the stranger, "pity me, a poor abandoned creature for one night, and death will soon do the rest."—I instantly knew the voice of my poor ruined child Olivia. I flew to her rescue, while the woman was dragging her along by the hair, and caught the dear forlorn wretch in my arms.—"Welcome, any way welcome, my dearest lost one, my treasure, to your poor old father's bosom. Tho' the vicious forsake thee, there is yet one in the world that will never forsake thee, tho' thou hadst ten thousand crimes to answer for, he will forget them all."—"O my own dear"—for minutes she could no more—"my own dearest good papa! Could angels be kinder! How do I deserve so much! The villain, I hate him and myself, to be a reproach to such goodness. You can't forgive me, I know you cannot."—"Yes, my child, from my heart I do forgive thee! Only repent, and we both shall yet be happy. We shall see many pleasant days yet, my Olivia!"—"Ah, never, sir, never. The rest of my wretched life must be infamy abroad and shame at home. But, alas! papa, you look much paler than you used to do. Could such a thing as I am give you so much uneasiness? Sure you have too much wisdom to taste the miseries of my guilt upon yourself."—"Our wisdom, young woman," replied I.—"Ah, why so cold a name, papa?" cried she. "This is the first time you ever called me by a cold name"—I ask pardon, my darling," returned I—"but I was going to observe, that wisdom makes but a slow defence against trouble, though at last a sure one." The landlady now returned to know if we did not choose a more genteel apartment, to which assenting, we were shewn a room, where we could converse more freely. After we had talked ourselves into some degree of tranquillity, I could not avoid desiring some account of the gradations that led to her present wretched situation. "That villain, sir," said she, "from the first day of our meeting made me honourable, though private, proposals."

"Villain"

"Villain indeed," cried I; "and yet it in some measure surprises me, how a person of Mr. Burchell's good sense and seeming honour could be guilty of such deliberate baseness, and thus step into a family to undo it."

"My, dear papa," returned my daughter, "you labour under a strange mistake, Mr. Burchell never attempted to deceive me. Instead of that he took every opportunity of privately admonishing me against the artifices of Mr. Thornhill, who now I find was even worse than he represented him."—"Mr. Thornhill," interrupted I, "can it be?"—"Yes, Sir," returned she, "it was Mr. Thornhill who seduced me, who employed the two ladies, as he called them, but who, in fact, were abandoned women of the town, without breeding or pity, to decoy us up to London. Their artifices, you may remember, would have certainly succeeded, but for Mr. Burchell's letter, who directed those reproaches to them, which we all applied to ourselves. How he came to have so much influence as to defeat their intentions, still remains a secret to me; but I am convinced he was ever our warmest, sincerest friend."

"You amaze me, my dear," cried I; "but now I find my first suspicions of Mr. Thornhill's baseness were too well grounded: but he can triumph in security; for he is rich and we are poor. But tell me, my child, sure there was no small temptation that could thus obliterate all the impressions of such an education, and so virtuous a disposition as thine."

"Indeed, Sir," replied she, "he owes all his triumph to the desire I had of making him, and not myself, happy. I knew that the ceremony of our marriage, which was privately performed by a popish priest, was no way binding, and that I had nothing to trust to but his honour." "What," interrupted I, "and were you indeed married by a priest, and in orders?"—"Indeed, Sir, we were," replied she, "though we were both sworn to conceal his name."—"Why then, my child, come to my arms again, and now you are a thousand times more welcome than before: for you are now his wife to all intents and purposes: nor can all the laws of man, tho' written upon tables of adamant, lessen the force of that sacred connexion."

"Alas, papa," replied she, "you are but little acquainted with his villainies: he has been married already, by the same priest, to six or eight wives more, whom like me, he has deceived and abandoned."

"Has he so?" cried I, "then we must hang the priest, and you shall inform against him to-morrow." "But, Sir," returned she, "will that be right, when I am sworn to secrecy?"—"My dear," I replied, "you have made such a promise, I cannot, nor will not tempt you to break it. Even tho' it may benefit the public, you must not inform against him. In all human institutions a smaller evil is allowed to procure a greater good; as in politics, a province may be given away to secure a kingdom; in medicine, a limb may be lopt off, to preserve the body. But in religion the law is written and inflexible, *never* to do evil. And this law, my child, is right: for otherwise, if we commit a smaller evil, to procure a greater good, certain guilt would be thus incurred, in expectation of contingent advantage. And though the advantage should certainly follow, yet the interval between commission and advantage, which is allowed to be guilty, may be that in which we are called away to answer for the things we have done, and the volume of human actions is closed for ever. But I interrupt you, my dear, go on."

"The very next morning," continued she, "I found what little expectations I was to have from his sincerity. That very morning he introduced me to two unhappy women more, whom, like me, he had deceived, but who lived in contented prostitution. I loved him too tenderly to bear such rivals in his affections, and strove to forget my infamy in a tumult of pleasures. With this view I danced, dressed, and talked; but still was unhappy. The gentlemen who visited there, told me every moment the power of my charms, and this only contributed to encrease my melancholy, as I had thrown all their power quite away. Thus each day I grew more pensive, and he more insolent, till at last the monster had the assurance to offer me to a young Baronet of his acquaintance. Need I describe, Sir, how his ingratitude stung me? My answer to this proposal was almost madness. I desired to part. As I was going he offered me a purse; but I flew

at him with indignation, and burst from him in a rage, that for a while kept me insensible of the miseries of my situation. But I soon looked round me, and saw myself vile, abject, guilty thing, without one friend in the world to apply to.

"Just in that interval, a stage-coach happening to pass by, I took a place, it being my only aim to be driven at a distance from a wretch I despised and detested. I was set down here, where, since my arrival, my own anxiety, and this woman's unkindness, have been my only companions. The hours of pleasure that I have passed with my mamma and sister, now grow painful to me. Their sorrows are much; but mine are greater than theirs; for mine are guilt and infamy."

"Have patience, my child," cried I, "and I hope things will yet be better. Take some repose to-night, and to-morrow I'll carry you home to your mother, and the rest of the family, from whom you will receive a kind reception. Poor woman, this has gone to her heart: she loves you still, Olivia, and will forget it."

## C H A P.



## C H A P. III.

Offences are easily pardoned where there is love at bottom.

**T**HE next morning I took my daughter behind me, and set out on my return home. As we travelled along, I strove by every persuasion, to calm her sorrows and fears, and to arm her with resolution to bear the presence of her offended mother. I took every opportunity, from the prospect of a fine country, through which we passed to observe how much kinder Heaven was to us, than we were to each other, and that the misfortunes of nature's making were very few. I assured her, that she should never perceive any change in my affections, and that during my life, which yet might be long, she might depend upon a guardian and an instructor. I armed her against the censures of the world. I shewed her, that books were sweet unrepublishing companions to the miserable, and that if they could not bring us to enjoy life, they would teach us to endure it.

The hired horse that we rode was to be put up the night at an inn by the way, within about five miles from my house, and as I was willing to prepare my family for my daughter's reception, I determined to leave her the night at the inn, and to come for her, accompanied by my daughter Sophia, early the next morning. It was the night before we reached our appointed stage: however, after seeing her provided with a decent apartment, and having ordered the hostess to prepare proper refreshments, I kissed her, and proceeded towards home. My heart caught new sensations of pleasure the nearer I approached that peaceful mansion. As a bird that has been frightened from its nest, my affections out-went my haste, and hovered round my little fire-side, with all the rapture of expectation. I called up the

and things I had to say, and anticipated the welcome I was to receive. I already felt my wife's tender embrace, and smiled at the joy of my little ones. As I walked but slowly, the night waned apace. The labourers of the day were all retired to rest; the lights were out in every cottage; no sounds were heard but of the shrilling cock, and the deep-mouthed watch-dog, at hollow distance. I approached my little mode of pleasure, and before I was within a furlong of the place, our honest mastiff came running to welcome me.

It was now near mid-night that I came to knock at my door: all was still and silent: my heart dilated with utterable happiness, when, to my amazement, the house was bursting out in a blaze of fire, and every aperture was red with conflagration! I gave a loud convulsive outcry, and fell upon the pavement insensible. This alarmed my son, who perceiving the flames, instantly waked my wife and daughter, and all running, at naked, and wild with apprehension, recalled me to life with their anguish. But it was only to objects of new terror; for the flames had, by this time, caught the roof of our dwelling, part after part continuing to fall in, while the family stood, with silent agony, looking on, as if they enjoyed the blaze. I gazed upon them and upon it by turns, and then looked round me for my two little ones; but they were not to be seen. Misery! "Where," cried I, "where are my little ones?"—"They are burnt to death in the flames," said my wife calmly, "and I will die with them."—At that moment I heard the cry of the babes within, who were just awaked by the fire, and nothing could have stopped me. "Where, where, are my children?" cried I, rushing through the flames, and bursting the door of the chamber in which they were confined, "Where are my little ones?"—"Here, dear-papa, here we are," cried they together, while the flames were just catching the bed where they lay. I caught them both in my arms and snatched them through the flames as fast as possible, while just as I got out, the roof fell in. "Now," cried I, holding up my children, "now let the flames burn on, and all my possessions perish."

“ perish. Here they are, I have saved my treasure  
 “ Here, my dearest, here are our treasures, and we shall  
 “ yet be happy.” We kissed our little darlings a thousand times, they clasped us round the neck, and seemed to share our transports, while their mother laughed and wept by turns.

I now stood a calm spectator of the flames, and, after some time began to perceive that my arm to the shoulder was scorched in a terrible manner. It was therefore out of my power to give my son any assistance either in attempting to save our goods, or preventing the flames spreading to our corn. By this time, the neighbours were alarmed, and came running to our assistance; but all they could do was to stand, like us, spectators of the calamity. My goods, among which were the notes I had reserved for my daughters’ fortunes, were entirely consumed, except a box, with some papers, that stood in the kitchen, and two or three things more of little consequence, which my son brought away in the beginning. The neighbours contributed, however what they could to lighten our distress. They brought us cloaths, and furnished one of our out-houses with kitchen utensils; so that by day-light we had another, tho’ a wretched dwelling to retire to. My honest next neighbour, and his children, were not the least assiduous in providing us with every thing necessary, and offering whatever consolation untutored benevolence could suggest.

When the fears of my family had subsided, curiosity to know the cause of my long stay began to take place, having therefore informed them of every particular, I proceeded to prepare them for the reception of our lost one; and tho’ we had nothing but wretchedness now to impart, yet to procure her a welcome to what we had. This task would have been more difficult but for our recent calamity, which had humbled my wife’s pride, and blunted it by more poignant afflictions. Being unable to go for my poor child myself, as my arm now grew very painful, I sent my son and daughter, who soon returned, supporting the wretched delinquent, who had not courage to look up at her mother, whom no instructions of mine could persuade to a pe-



reconciliation; for women have a much stronger sense of female error than men. "Ah, madam," cried her mother, "this is but a poor place you are come to after so much finery: My daughter Sophy and I can afford but little entertainment to persons who have kept company only with people of distinction. Yes, Miss Livy, your poor father and I have suffered very much of late; but I hope heaven will forgive you."—During this reception, the unhappy victim stood pale and trembling, unable to speak or to reply; but I could not continue a silent spectator of her distress: wherefore assuming a degree of severity in my voice and manner, which was ever followed with instant submission, "I entreat, woman, that my words may be now marked once for all: I have here brought you back a poor deluded wanderer; her return to duty demands the revival of our tenderness. The real hardships of life are now coming fast upon us, let us not therefore encrease them by dissention among each other. If we live harmoniously together, we may yet be contented, as there are enough of us here to shut out the censuring world, and keep each other in countenance. The kindness of heaven is promised to the penitent, and let our prayers be directed by the example. Heaven, we are assured, is much more pleased to view a repentant sinner, than many persons who have supported a course of undeviating rectitude. And this is right; for that single effort by which we stop short in the down-hill path to perdition, is itself a greater exertion of virtue, than an hundred acts of justice."

## C H A P. IV.

None but the guilty can be long and completely miserable

SOME assiduity was now required to make our present abode as convenient as possible, and we were soon again qualified to enjoy our former serenity. Being disabled myself from assisting my son in our usual occupations, I read to my family from the few books that were saved, and particularly from such, as, by amusing the imagination, contributed to ease the heart. Our good neighbours too came every day with the kindest condolence, and fixed a time in which they were all to assist at repairing my former dwelling. Honest farmer Williams was not last among these visitors; but heartily offered his friendship. He would even have renewed his addresses to my daughter; but she rejected them in such a manner as totally repressed his future solicitations. Her grief seemed formed for continuance, and she was the only person of our little society that a week did not restore to cheerfulness. She now lost the unblushing innocence which once taught her to respect herself, and to seek pleasure by pleasing. Anxiety now had taken strong possession of her mind, her beauty began to be impaired with her constitution, and neglect still more contributed to diminish it. Every tender mother, bestowed on her sister brought a pang to her heart, and a tear to her eye; and as one vice, tho' cured, most ever plants others where it has been, so her former guilt, tho' driven out by repentance, left jealousy y behind. I strove a thousand ways to lessen

re, and even forgot my own pain in a concern for  
er's, collecting such amusing passages of history, as a  
rong memory and some reading could suggest. "Our  
happiness, my dear," I would say, "is in the power  
of one who can bring it about a thousand unforeseen  
ways, that mock our foresight. If example be ne-  
cessary to prove this, I'll give you a story, my child,  
told us by a grave, tho' sometimes a romancing,  
historian.

"Matilda was married very young to a Neapolitan  
nobleman of the first quality, and found herself a  
widow and a mother at the age of fifteen. As she  
stood one day caressing her infant son in the open  
window of an apartment, which hung over the river  
Volturna, the child, with a sudden spring leaped  
from her arms into the flood below, and disappeared  
in a moment. The mother, struck with instant sur-  
prise, and making an effort to save him, plunged in  
after; but, far from being able to assist the infant,  
she herself with great difficulty escaped to the op-  
posite shore, just when some French soldiers were  
plundering the country on that side, who immedi-  
ately made her their prisoner.

"As the war was then carried on between the  
French and Italians with the utmost inhumanity, they  
were going at once to perpetrate those two extremes,  
suggested by appetite and cruelty. This base reso-  
lution, however, was opposed by a young officer,  
who, tho' their retreat required the utmost expedition,  
placed her behind him, and brought her in safety to  
his native city. Her beauty at first caught his eye,  
her merit soon after his heart. They were married;  
he rose to the highest posts; they lived long together,  
and were happy. But the felicity of a soldier can  
never be called permanent: after an interval of sever-  
al years the troops, which he commanded having met  
with a repulse, he was obliged to take shelter in the  
city where he had lived with his wife. Here they  
suffered a siege, and the city at length was taken.  
Few histories can produce more various instances of  
cruelty, than those which the French and

" that time exercised upon each other. It was resolved  
 " by the victors, upon this occasion, to put all the  
 " French prisoners to death; but particularly the  
 " husband of the unfortunate Matilda, as he was prin-  
 " cipally instrumental in protracting the siege. These  
 " determinations were, in general executed almost as  
 " soon as resolved upon. The captive soldier was  
 " led forth, and the executioner, with his sword, stood  
 " ready, while the spectators in gloomy silence awaited  
 " the fatal blow, which was only suspended till the gen-  
 " eral, who presided as judge, should give the signal.  
 " It was in this interval of anguish and expectation, that  
 " Matilda came to take her last farewell of her husband  
 " and deliverer, deploring her wretched situation and  
 " the cruelty of fate, that had saved her from perishing  
 " by a premature death in the river Volturna, to be the  
 " spectator of still greater calamities. The general  
 " who was a young man, was struck with surprise at  
 " her beauty, and pity at her distress; but with still  
 " stronger emotions when he heard her mention her  
 " former dangers. He was her son, the infant son  
 " whom she had encountered so much danger. He  
 " acknowledged her at once as his mother and fell to  
 " her feet. The rest may be easily supposed: the cap-  
 " tive was set free, and all the happiness that love,  
 " friendship, and duty could confer on each, were  
 " united."

In this manner I would attempt to amuse my daughter;  
 but she listened with divided attention; for her  
 own misfortunes engrossed all the pity she once had  
 for those of another, and nothing gave her ease. In com-  
 pany she dreaded contempt: and in solitude she often  
 found anxiety. Such was the colour of her wretched-  
 ness, when we received certain information, that Mr.  
 Thornhill was going to be married to Miss Wilmot,  
 whom I always suspected he had a real passion, though  
 he took every opportunity before me to express his con-  
 tempt both of her person and fortune. This news only

increased poor Olivia's affliction; such a  
 breach of fidelity, was more than her courage could

support.

support. I was resolved, however, to get more certain information, and to defeat, if possible, the completion of his designs, by sending my son to old Mr. Wilmot's, with instructions to know the truth of the report, and to deliver Miss Wilmot a letter, intimating Mr. Thornhill's conduct in my family. My son went, in pursuance of my directions, and in three days returned, assuring us of the truth of the account; but that he had found it impossible to deliver the letter, which he was therefore obliged to leave, as Mr. Thornhill and Miss Wilmot were visiting round the country. They were to be married, he said, in a few days, having appeared together at church the Sunday before he was there, in great splendour, the bride attended by six young ladies dressed white, and he by as many gentlemen. Their approaching nuptials filled the whole country with rejoicing, and they usually rode out together in the grand equipage that had been seen in the country for many years. All the friends of both families, he said, were there, particularly the 'Squire's uncle, Sir William Thornhill, who bore so good a character. He added, that nothing but mirth and feasting were going forward; that all the country praised the young bride's beauty and the bridegroom's fine person, and that they were immensely fond of each other; concluding, that he could not help thinking Mr. Thornhill one of the most happy men in the world.

"Why let him if he can," returned I: "but, my son, observe this bed of straw, and unsheltering roof; those mouldering walls, and humid floor; my wretched body thus disabled by fire, and my children weeping round me for bread; you have come home, my child, to all this, yet here, even here you see a man that would not for a thousand worlds exchange situations. O, my children, if you could but learn to commune with your own hearts, and know what noble company you can make them, you would little regard the elegance and splendours of the worthless. Almost all men have been taught to take life a passage and themselves the travellers. This similitude still may be improved when we observe that

"the



“ the good are joyful and serene, like travellers that  
“ are going towards home; the wicked but by inter-  
“ vals happy, like travellers that are going into exile.”

My compassion for my poor daughter, overpowered by this new disaster, interrupted what I had farther to observe. I bade her mother support her, and after a short time she recovered. She appeared from this time more calm, and I imagined had gained a new degree of resolution: but appearances deceived me: for her tranquillity was the languor of over-wrought relentment. A supply of provisions, charitably sent us by my kind parishioners, seemed to diffuse cheerfulness amongst the rest of the family, nor was I displeased at seeing them once more sprightly and at ease. It would have been unjust to damp their satisfactions, merely to condemn with resolute melancholy, or to burthen them with sadness they did not feel. Once more therefore, the tale went round and the song was demanded, and cheerfulness condescended to hover round our little habitation.

## C H A P. V.

## Fresh calamities.

THE next morning the sun arose with peculiar warmth for the season; so that we agreed to breakfast together at the honey-suckle bank: where, while we fate my youngest daughter, at my request, joined her voice to the concert on the trees about us. It was here my poor Olivia first met her seducer, and every object served to recall her sadness. But that melancholy, which is excited by objects of pleasure, or inspired by sounds of harmony, soothes the heart instead of corroding it. Her mother too, upon this occasion, felt a pleasing distress, and wept, and loved her daughter as before. "Do, my pretty Olivia," cried she, "let us have that little melancholy air your papa was so fond of, your sister Sophy has already obliged us. Do, child, it will please your old father." She complied in a manner so exquisitely pathetic as moved

WHEN lovely woman stoops to folly,  
And finds too late that men betray,  
What charm can sooth her melancholy,  
What art can wash her guilt away?

The only art her guilt to cover,  
To hide her shame from every eye,  
To give repentance to her lover,  
And wring his bosom—is to die.

As she was concluding the last stanza, to which a interruption in her voice from sorrow gave peculiar softness, the appearance of Mr. Thornhill's equipage at a distance alarmed us all, but particularly encreased the uneasiness of my eldest daughter, who, desirous of punishing her betrayer, returned to the house with her sister. In a few minutes he was alighted from his chariot, and making up to the place where I was still sitting, enquired after my health with his usual air of familiarity." Sir, " replied I, " your present assurance only serves to aggravate the baseness of your character; and there was a time when I would have chastised your insolence, for presuming thus to appear before me. But now you are safe; for age has cooled my passions and my calling restrains them."

" I vow, my dear sir," returned he, " I am amazed at all this; nor can I understand what it means! I hope you don't think your daughter's late excursion with me had any thing criminal in it."

" Go," cried I, " thou art a wretch, a poor pitiful wretch, and every way a liar; but your meanness secures you from my anger! Yet, sir, I am descended from a family that would not have borne this! And so, thou vile thing, to gratify a momentary passion thou hast made one poor creature wretched for life and polluted a family that had nothing but honour for their portion."

" If she or you," returned he, " are resolved to be miserable, I cannot help it. But you may still be happy; and whatever opinion you may have formed of me, you shall ever find me ready to contribute to it. We can readily marry her to another, and what is more, she may keep her lover beside; for I protest I shall ever continue to have a true regard for her."

I found all my passions awakened at this new degrading proposal; for though the mind may often be calm under great injuries, little villainy can at any time get within the soul, and sting it into rage.——" Away with my sight, thou reptile," cried I, " nor continue to insult me with thy presence. Were my brave son

" he



home, he would not suffer this; but I am old, and disabled, and every way undone."

"I find," cried he, "you are bent upon obliging me to talk in an harsher manner than I intended. But as I have shewn you what may be hoped from my friendship, it may not be improper to represent what may be the consequences of my resentment. My attorney, to whom your late bond has been transferred, threatens hard, nor do I know how to prevent the course of justice, except by paying the money myself, which, as I have been at some expences lately, previous to my intended marriage, it is not so easy to be done. And then my steward talks of driving for the rent: it is certain he knows his duty; for I never trouble myself with affairs of that nature. Yet still I could wish to serve you, and even to have you and your daughter present at my marriage, which is shortly to be solemnized with Miss Wilmot: it is even the request of my charming Arabella herself, whom I hope you will not refuse."

"Mr. Thornhill," replied I, "hear me once for all: as to your marriage with any but my daughter, that I never will consent to; or though your friendship could raise me to a throne, and your resentment sink me to the grave, yet would I despise both. Thou hast once wofully, irreparably deceived me. I reposed my heart upon thine honour, and have found it's baseness. Never more, therefore, expect friendship from me. Go and possess what fortune has given thee, beauty, riches, health, and pleasure. Go, and leave me to want, infamy, disease, and sorrow. Yet humbled as I am, shall my heart still vindicate its dignity, and though thou hast my forgiveness, thou shalt ever have my contempt."

"If so," returned he, "depend upon it you shall feel the effects of this insolence, and we shall shortly see which is the fittest object of scorn, you or I."—upon which he departed abruptly.

My wife and son, who were present at this interview, seemed terrified with the apprehension. My daughters so finding that he was gone, came out to be informed of

of the result of our conference, which, when known, alarmed them not less than the rest. But as to myself, I disregarded the utmost stretch of his malevolence: he had already struck the blow, and now I stood prepared to repel every new effort. Like one of those instruments used in the art of war, which, however thrown, still presents a point to receive the enemy.

We soon, however found that he had not threatened in vain; for the very next day his steward came to demand my annual rent, which, by the train of accidents already related, I was unable to pay. The consequence of my incapacity was his driving my cattle that evening, and their being appraised and sold the next day for less than half their value. My wife and children now therefore entreated me to comply upon any terms, rather than incur certain destruction. They even begged of me to admit his visits once more, and used all their little eloquence to paint the calamities I was going to endure: the terrors of a prison, in so rigorous a season as the present, with the danger that threatened my health from the late accident that happened by the fire. But I continued inflexible.

“Why, my treasures,” cried I, “why will you then attempt to persuade me to the thing that is not right! My duty has taught me to forgive him; but my conscience will not permit me to approve. Would you have me applaud to the world what my heart must internally condemn? Would you have me tamely sit down and flatter our infamous betrayer, and to avoid a prison continually suffer the most galling bonds of mental confinement! No, never! If we are to be taken from this abode, only let us hold to the right; and wherever we are thrown, we can still retire to a charming apartment, and load round our own hearts with intrepidity and with pleasure!”

In this manner we spent that evening. Early the next morning, as the snow had fallen in great abundance in the night, my son was employed in clearing away, and opening a passage before the door. He had not been thus engaged long, when he came running

with looks all pale, to tell us that two strangers, whom we knew to be officers of justice, were making towards the house.

Just as he spoke, they came in, and approaching the bed where I lay, after previously informing me of their employment and business, made me their prisoner, bidding me prepare to go with them to the county goal, which was eleven miles off.

"My friends," said I, "this is severe weather on which you have come to take me to a prison; and it is particularly unfortunate at this time, as one of my arms has lately been burnt in a terrible manner, and it has thrown me into a slight fever, and I want cloaths to cover me, and I am now too weak and old to walk far in such deep snow: but if it must be so, I'll try to obey you."

I then turned to my wife and children, and directed them to get together what few things were left us, and to prepare immediately for leaving this place. I exhorted them to be expeditious and desired my son to assist his elder sister, who, from a consciousness that she was the cause of all our calamities, was fallen, and had lost anguish in insensibility. I encouraged my wife, who, pale and trembling, clasped our affrighted little ones in her arms, that clung to her bosom in silence, dreading to look round at the strangers. In the mean time my youngest daughter prepared for our departure, and as she received several hints to use dispatch, in about an hour we were ready to depart.

## C H A P. VI.

No situation, however wretched it seems, but has some sort of comfort attending it.

WE set forward from this peaceful neighbourhood and walked on slowly. My eldest daughter being enfeebled by a slow fever, which had begun for some days to undermine her constitution, one of the officers who had an horse, kindly took her behind him; for even these men cannot entirely divest themselves of humanity. My son led one of the little ones by the hand and my wife the other, while I leaned upon my youngest girl, whose tears fell not for her own but my distresses.

We were now got from my late dwelling about two miles, when we saw a crowd running and shouting behind us, consisting of about fifty of my poorest parishioners. These, with dreadful imprecations soon seized upon the two officers of justice, and swearing they would never see their minister go to gaol while they had a drop of blood to shed in his defence, were going to use them with great severity. The consequence might have been fatal, had I not immediately interposed, and with some difficulty rescued the officers from the hands of the enraged multitude. My children who looked upon my delivery now as certain, appeared transported with joy, and were incapable of containing their raptures. But they were soon undeceived, upon hearing me address the poor deluded people, who came, as they imagined, to do me service.

“What! my friends, cried I, “and is this the way you love me! Is this the manner you obey the  
“instruct

instructions I have given you from the pulpit! Thus to fly in the face of justice, and bring down ruin on yourselves and me! Which is your ringleader? Shew me the man that has thus seduced you. As sure as he lives he shall feel my resentment. Alas! my dear deluded flock, return back to the duty you owe to God, to your country and to me. I shall yet perhaps one day see you in greater felicity here, and contribute to make your lives more happy. But let it at least be my comfort when I pen my fold for immortality, that not one here shall be wanting.

They now seemed all repentance, and melting into tears, came one after the other to bid me farewell. I took each tenderly by the hand, and leaving them my blessing, proceeded forward without meeting any farther interruption. Some hours before night we reached the town, or rather village; for it consisted but of a few mean houses, having lost all its former opulence, and retaining no marks of its ancient superiority but the soil.

Upon entering, we put up at an inn, where we had such refreshments as could most readily be procured, and supped with my family with my usual cheerfulness. After seeing them properly accommodated for that night, I next attended the sheriff's officers to the prison, which had formerly been built for the purposes of war, and consisted of one large apartment, strongly grated, and paved with stone, common to both felons and debtors at certain hours in the four and twenty. Besides this, every prisoner had a separate cell, where he was locked for the night.

I expected upon my entrance to find nothing but lamentations, and various sounds of misery; but it was very different. The prisoners seemed all employed in the common design, that of forgetting thought in merriment or clamour. I was apprized of the usual perquisite required upon these occasions, and immediately complied with the demand, though the little money I had was very near being all exhausted. This was immediately sent away for liquor, and the whole prison soon filled with riot, laughter, and prophaneness.

“How,”



"How," cried I to myself, "shall men so wicked be chearful, and shall I be melancholy! I feel only the same confinement with them, and I think I have more reason to be happy."

With such reflections I laboured to become chearful but chearfulness was never yet produced by effort which is itself painful. As I was sitting therefore in a corner of the gaol, in a pensive posture, one of my fellow prisoners came up, and sitting by me, entered into conversation. It was my constant rule in life never to avoid the conversation of any man who seemed to desire it: for if good, I might profit by his instructions; if bad, he might be assisted by mine. I found this to be a knowing man, of strong unlettered sense; but with thorough knowledge of the world, as it is called, or more properly speaking, of human nature on the wrong side. He asked me if I had taken care to provide myself with a bed, which was a circumstance I had never once attended to.

"That's unfortunate," cried he, "as you are allowed here nothing but straw, and your apartment very large and cold. However, you seem to be something of a gentleman, and as I have been so myself in my time, part of my bed-cloaths are here, till at your service."

I thanked him, professing my surprize at finding so much humanity in a gaol in misfortunes; adding, to let him see that I was a scholar, "That the sage ancient seems to understand the value of company in affliction," when he said, *Ton kosmon aire, ei dos ton etairo*, "and in fact," continued I, "what is the World if it affords only solitude?"

"You talk of the world, Sir," returned my fellow prisoner; "*the world is in its dotage, and yet the cosmogony or creation of the world has puzzled the philosophers of all ages. What a medley of opinions have they not broached on the creation of the world. Sanconiaton, Manetho, Berosus, Ocellus Lucanus have all attempted it in vain. The latter of these words, Anarchon ara kai atelutatio to pan, which signifies*———" I ask pardon, Sir," cried I, "for

"terrour

interrupting so much learning; but I think I have heard of this before. Have I not had the pleasure of once seeing you at Welbridge fair, and is not your name Ephraim Jenkinson?" At this demand he only sighed. "I suppose you must recollect," resumed I, "one Doctor Grimrose, from whom you bought a horse."

He now at once recollected me; for the gloominess of the place and the approaching night had prevented its distinguishing my features before.—— "Yes, sir," returned Mr. Jenkinson, "I remember you perfectly well, I bought an horse, but forgot to pay for him. Your neighbour Flamborough is the only professor I am any way afraid of at the next assizes: for he intends to swear positively against me as a coiner. I am heartily sorry, Sir, I ever deceived you, or indeed any man: for you see," continued he, shewing his knuckles, "what my tricks have brought me to."

"Well, sir," replied I, "your kindness in offering me assistance, when you could expect no return, shall be repaid with my endeavours to soften or totally suppress Mr. Flamborough's evidence, and I will send my man to him for that purpose the first opportunity; nor am I in the least doubt but he will comply with my request, and as to my own evidence, you need be under no uneasiness about that."

"Well, sir," cried he, "all the return I can make shall be yours. You shall have more than half my bed-chamber to night, and I'll take care to stand your friend in the prison, where I think I have some influence."

I thanked him, and could not avoid being surprised at the present youthful change in his aspect; for at the time I had seen him before, he appeared at least sixty.

"Sir," answered he, "you are little acquainted with the world; I had at that time false hair, and have learnt the art of counterfeiting every age from seven to seventy. Ah sir, had I but bestowed half the pains in learning a trade, that I have in learning to be a scoundrel, I might have been a rich man at this time. But rogue as I am, still I may be your friend, and perhaps when you least expect it."

We were now prevented from further conversation, by the arrival of the gaoler's servants, who came to call over the prisoners names, and lock up for the night. A fellow also, with a bundle of straw for my bed attended, who led me along a dark narrow passage into a room paved like the common prison, and in one corner of this I spread my bed, and the cloaths given me by my fellow prisoner; which done, my conductor who was civil enough, bade me a good-night. After my usual meditations, and having praised my heavenly corrector, I laid myself down and slept with the utmost tranquillity till morning.

C H A

## C H A P. VII.

A reformation in the gaol. To make laws complete they should reward as well as punish.

THE next morning early I was awakened by my family, whom I found in tears at my bed-side. The gloomy-strength of every thing about us, it seems, had daunted them. I gently rebuked their sorrow, assuring them I had never slept with greater tranquillity, and next enquired after my eldest daughter, who was not among them. They informed me that yesterday's uneasiness and fatigue had encreased her fever, and it was judged proper to leave her behind. My next care was to send my son to procure a room or two to lodge the family in, as near the prison as conveniently could be found. He obeyed; but could only find one apartment, which was hired at a small expence, for his mother and sisters, the gaoler with humanity consenting to let him and his two little brothers lie in the prison with me. A bed was therefore prepared for them in a corner of the room, which I thought answered very conveniently. I was willing however previously to know whether my little children chose to lie in a place which seemed to fright them upon entrance.

"Well," cried I, "my good boys, how do you like your bed? I hope you are not afraid to lie in this room, dark as it appears."

"No, papa" says Dick, "I am not afraid to lie anywhere, where you are."

"And I," says Bill, who was yet but four years old, "I love every place best that my papa is in."

After this, I allotted to each of the family what they were to do. My daughter was particularly directed to watch her declining sister's health; my wife was to at-

tend me; my little boys were to read to me: "And for you, my son," continued I, "it is by the labour of your hands we must all hope to be supported. Your wages, as a day labourer, will be full sufficient, with proper frugality, to maintain us all, and comfortably too. Thou art now sixteen years old, and hast strength; and it was given to thee, my son, for very useful purposes for it must save from famine your helpless parents and family. Prepare then this evening to look out for work against to-morrow, and bring home every night what money you earn, for our support."

Having thus instructed him, and settled the rest, I walked down to the common prison, where I could enjoy more air and room. But I was not long there when the execrations, lewdness, and brutality that invaded me on every side, drove me back to my apartment again. Here I sat for some time, pondering upon the strange infatuation of wretches, who finding all mankind in open arms against them, were, however labouring to make themselves a future and a tremendous enemy.

Their insensibility excited my highest compassion, and blotted my own uneasiness a while from my mind. It even appeared as a duty incumbent upon me to attempt to reclaim them. I resolved therefore once more to return, and in spite of their contempt to give them my advice, and conquer them by perseverance. Going therefore among them again, I informed Mr. Jackson of my design, at which he laughed, but communicated it to the rest. The proposal was received with the greatest good humour, as it promised to afford a new fund of entertainment to persons who had now no other resource for mirth, but what could be derived from ridicule or debauchery.

I therefore read them a portion of the service with loud unaffected voice, and found my audience perfectly merry upon the occasion. Lewd whispering, groans of contrition burlesqued, winking and coughing, alternately excited laughter. However, I continued with my natural solemnity to read on, sensible that what I did might amend some, but could not receive no contamination from any.



After reading, I entered upon my exhortation, which was rather calculated at first to amuse them than to reprove. I previously observed, that no other motive but their welfare could induce me to this; that I was their fellow prisoner, and now gained nothing by preaching. I was sorry, I said, to hear them so very prophane; because they got nothing by it, but might lose a great deal: "For be assured, my friends," cried I, for you are my friends, however the world may disclaim your friendship, though you swore twelve thousand oaths in a day, it would not put one penny in your purse. Then what signifies calling every moment upon the devil, and purchasing his friendship, since you find how scurvily he serves you? He has given you nothing here, you find, but a mouthful of oaths and an empty belly; and by the best accounts I have of him, he will give you nothing that's good hereafter.

"If used ill in our dealings with one man, we naturally go elsewhere. Were it not worth your while then, to try how you may like the usage of another master, who gives you fair promises at least to come to him? Surely, my friends, of all stupidity in the world, this must be greatest, who after robbing an house, runs to the thief-takers for protection. And yet how are you more wise? You are all seeking comfort from him that has already betrayed you, applying to a more malicious being than any thief-taker of them all; for they only decoy, and then hang you but he decoys, and hangs, and, that is worst of all, will not let you loose after the hangman has done."

When I had concluded, I received the compliments of my audience, some of whom came and shook me by the hand, swearing that I was a very honest fellow, and that they desired my further acquaintance. I therefore promised to repeat my lecture next day, and actually conceived some hopes of making a reformation here; for it had ever been my opinion, that no man was past the hour of amendment, every heart lying open to the shafts of reproof, if the archer could but take a proper aim. When I had thus satisfied my mind, I went back to my apartment, where my wife had prepared a frugal meal, while Mr. Jenkinson begged leave to add his dinner to

ours, and partake of the pleasure, as he was kind enough to express it, of my conversation. He had not yet seen my family, for as they came to my apartment by a door in the narrow passage, already described, by this means they avoided the common prison. Jenkinson at the first interview therefore seemed not a little struck with the beauty of my youngest daughter, which her penitential air contributed to heighten, and my little ones did not pass unnoticed.

"Alas, Doctor," cried he, "these children are too handsome and too good for such a place as this!"

"Why, Mr. Jenkinson," replied I, "thank heaven my children are pretty tolerable in morals, and if they be good, it matters little for the rest."

"I fancy, sir, returned my fellow prisoner, "that must give you great comfort to have this little family about you."

A comfort, Mr. Jenkinson," replied I, "yes it is indeed a comfort, and I would not be without them for all the world; for they can make a dungeon seem a palace. There is but one way in this life of wounding my happiness, and that is by injuring them."

"I am afraid then, sir," cried he, "that I am in some measure culpable; for I think I see here (looking at my son Moses) "one that I have injured, and by whom I wish to be forgiven."

My son immediately recollected his voice and features though he had before seen him in disguise taking him by the hand, with a smile forgave him. "Yet," continued he, "I can't help wondering at what you could see in my face, to think me a proper mark for deception."

"My dear sir, returned the other, "it was not your face, but your white stockings and the black ribbon in your hair that allured me. But no disparagement to your parts, I have deceived wiser men than you in my time, and yet, with all my tricks, the blockheads have been too many for me at last."

"I suppose," cried my son, "that the narrative of such a life as yours must be extremely instructive and amusing."

"No

"Not much of either," returned Mr. Jenkinson. Those relations which describe the tricks and vices only of mankind; by encreasing our suspicion in life, retard our success. The traveller that distrusts every person he meets, and turns back upon the appearance of every man that looks like a robber, seldom arrives in time to his journey's end.

"Indeed I think from my own experience I may say, that the knowing one is the silliest fellow under the sun. I was thought cunning from my very childhood: when at seven years old the ladies would say that I was a perfect little man; at fourteen I knew the world, cocked my hat, and loved the ladies; at twenty, though I was perfectly honest, yet every one thought me so cunning, that not one would trust me. Thus I was at last obliged to turn sharper in my own defence, and have lived ever since, my head throbbing with schemes to deceive, and my heart palpitating with fears of detection.

"I used often to laugh at your honest simple neighbour Flamborough, and one way or another generally cheated him once a year. Yet still the honest man went forward without suspicion, and grew rich, while I still continued tricky and cunning, and was poor, without the consolation of being honest.

"However," continued he, "let me know your case, and what has brought you here; perhaps though I have not skill to avoid a goal myself, I may extricate my friends."

In compliance with his curiosity, I informed him of the whole train of accidents and follies that had plunged me into my present troubles, and my utter inability to get free.

After hearing my story, and pausing some minutes, he rapt his forehead, as if he had hit upon something material, and took his leave, saying he would try what could be done.

CHAP.

## C H A P. VIII.

The same Subject continued.

**T**H E next morning I communicated to my wife and children the scheme I had planned of reforming the prisoners, which they received with universal disapprobation, alledging the impossibility and impropriety of it; adding, that my endeavours would no way contribute to their amendment, but might probably disgrace my calling.

“Excuse me,” returned I, “these people, however fallen, are still men, and that is a very good title to my affections. Good council rejected, returns to enrich the giver’s bosom; and though the instruction I communicate may not mend them, yet it will assuredly mend myself. If these wretches, my children were princes, there would be thousands ready to suffer for their ministry; but, in my opinion, the heart that is buried in a dungeon is as precious as that seated on a throne. Yes, my treasures, if I can mend them, I will; perhaps they will not all despise me. Perhaps I may catch up even one from the gulph, and that will be great gain; for is there upon earth a gem so precious as the human soul?”

Thus saying, I left them, and descended to the common prison, where I found the prisoners very much expecting my arrival: and each prepared with some goal trick to play upon the doctor. Thus, as I was going to begin, one turned my wig awry, as if by accident, and then asked my pardon. A second, who stood at some distance, had a knack of spitting through his teeth, which fell in showers upon my book.

bird would cry amen in such an affected tone, as  
gave the rest great delight. A fourth hath slyly picked  
my pocket of my spectacles. But there was one whose  
tick gave more universal pleasure than all the rest;  
on observing the manner in which I had disposed my  
books on the table before me, he very dexterously dis-  
placed one of them, and put an obscene jest-book of  
his own in the place. However I took no notice of all  
that this mischievous groupe of little beings could do;  
it went on, perfectly sensible that what was ridiculous  
in my attempt, would excite mirth only the first or se-  
cond time, while what was serious would be permanent.  
My design succeeded, and in less than six days some were  
penitent, and all attentive.

It was now that I applauded my perseverance and  
address, at thus giving sensibility to wretches divested of  
every moral feeling, and now began to think of doing  
them temporal services also, by rendering their situation  
somewhat more comfortable. Their time had hitherto  
been divided between famine and excess, tumultuous  
not and bitter repining. Their only employment was  
barrelling among each other, playing cribbage, and  
smoking tobacco stoppers. From this last mode of idle  
industry I took the hint of setting such as chose to work  
cutting pegs for tobaccoists and shoemakers, the pro-  
duct of wood being bought by a general subscription, and  
then manufactured, sold by my appointment; so that  
each earned something every day: a trifle indeed, but  
sufficient to maintain him.

I did not stop here, but instituted fines for the punish-  
ment of immorality, and rewards for peculiar industry.  
In less than a fortnight I had formed them into  
something social and humane, and had the pleasure of  
regarding myself as a legislator, who had brought men  
from their native ferocity into friendship and obedi-  
ence.

And it were highly to be wished, that legislative  
power would thus direct the law rather to reformation  
than severity. That it would appear convinced that  
the work of eradicating crimes is not by making punish-  
ments familiar, but formidable. Instead of our present,  
prisons,



prisons, which find or make men guilty, which enslave wretches for the commission of one crime, and return them, if returned alive, fitted for the perpetration of thousands; it were to be wished we had as in other parts of Europe, places of penitence and solitude, where the accused might be attended by such as could give them repentance if guilty, or new motives to virtue if innocent. And this, but not the increasing punishment, is the way to mend a state: nor can I avoid even questioning the validity of that right which social compactations have assumed of capitally punishing offences of slight nature. In cases of murder their right is obvious, as it is the duty of us all, from the law of self-defence, to cut off that man who has shewn a disregard to the life of another. Against such, all nature rises in arms; but it is not so against him who steals my property. Natural law gives me no right to take away his life, as by that the horse he steals is as much his property as mine. If then I have any right, it must be from compact made between us, that he who deprives the owner of his horse, shall die. But this is a false compact; for cause no man has a right to barter his life, no more than to take it away, as it is not his own. And next, such compact is inadequate, and would be set aside even in the court of modern equity, where there is a great penalty for very trifling convenience, since it is far better that ten men should live, than that one man should ride. But a compact that is false between two men, is equally so between an hundred, or an hundred thousand; as ten millions of circles can never make a square, so the united voice of myriads cannot lend the smallest foundation to falsehood. It is thus that reason speaks, and the tutored nature says the same thing. Savages that are directed nearly by natural law alone are very tender of the lives of each other; they seldom shed blood but to retaliate former cruelty.

Our Saxon ancestors, fierce as they were in war, had but few executions in times of peace; and in the commencing governments that have the print of nature still strong upon them, scarce any crime is capital.

among the citizens of a refined community that penal laws, which are in the hands of the rich, are laid on the poor. Government, while it grows older, tends to acquire the moroseness of age; and as if our possessions were become dearer in proportion as they increased, as if the more enormous our wealth, the more sensitive our fears, our possessions are paled up with new dangers every day, and hung round with gibbets to scare every invader.

Whether it is from the number of our penal laws, or from the licentiousness of our people, that this country should have more convicts in a year, than half the dominions of Europe united? Perhaps it is owing to both; for they mutually produce each other. When by indiscriminate penal laws a nation beholds the same punishment affixed to dissimilar degrees of guilt, from perceiving no distinction in the penalty, the people are led to lose all sense of distinction in the crime; and this distinction is the bulwark of all morality: thus the multitude of laws produce new vices, and new vices call for fresh restraints.

It were to be wished then that power, instead of creating new laws to punish vice, instead of drawing hard cords of society till a convulsion come to burst them, instead of cutting away wretches as useless, before we have tried their utility, instead of converting correction into vengeance, it were to be wished that we tried the salutary arts of government, and made law the protector but not the tyrant of the people. We should then treat those creatures, whose souls are held as dross, only with the hand of a refiner; we should then find that wretches, now stuck up for long tortures, lest luxury should feel a momentary pang, might if properly treated, be found to sinew the state in times of danger, that, as their souls are like ours, their hearts are so too; that few are so base as that perseverance cannot amend; that a man may see his last crime without dying for it; that very little blood will serve to cement our secu-

## C H A P. IX.

Happiness and misery rather the result of prudence than of virtue in this life. Temporal evils or felicities are regarded by heaven as things merely in themselves trifling and unworthy its care in the distribution.

**I** HAD now been confined more than a fortnight, but I had not since my arrival been visited by my dear Olivia, and I greatly longed to see her. Having communicated my wishes to my wife, the next morning the poor girl entered my apartment, leaning on her sister's arm. The change which I saw in her countenance struck me. The numberless graces that once resided there were now fled, and the hand of death seemed to have moulded every feature to alarm me. Her temples were sunk, her forehead was tense, and a fatal paleness sat on her cheek.

"I am glad to see thee, my dear," cried I; "but what is this dejection, Livy? I hope my love, you have not great regard for me, to permit disappointment to undermine a life which I prize as my own. Be cheerful, child, and we may yet see happier days."

"You have ever, sir," replied she, "been kind to me, and it adds to my pain that I shall never have opportunity of sharing that happiness you promise. Happiness, I fear, is no longer reserved for me here, and I long to be rid of a place where I have so often found distress. Indeed, Sir, I wish you would make proper submission to Mr. Thornhill; it may, in due measure, induce him to pity you; and it will give me relief in dying."

"Never, child," replied I, "I never shall be brought to acknowledge my daughter a prostitute; for the whole world may look upon your offence with scorn, and be mine to regard it as a mark of credulity and guilt. My dear, I am no way miserable in this situation, however dismal it may seem and be assured that

continue to bless me by living, he shall never have my consent to make you more wretched by marrying another.

After the departure of my daughter, my fellow prisoner, who was by at this interview, sensibly enough exulted upon my obstinacy, in refusing a submission, which promised to give me freedom. He observed, that the rest of my family was not to be sacrificed to the peace of one child alone, and she the only one who had offended me. "Beside," added he, "I don't know if it be just thus to obstruct the union of man and wife, which you do at present, by refusing to consent to a match which you cannot hinder, but may render unhappy."

"Sir," replied I, "you are unacquainted with the man that oppresses us. I am very sensible that no submission I can make could procure me liberty even for an hour. I am told that even in this very room a debtor of his, no later than last year, died for want. But though my submission and approbation could transfer me from hence, to the most beautiful apartment he possessed of, yet I would grant neither; as something whispers me that it would be giving a sanction to adultery. While my daughter lives, no other marriage of this shall ever be legal in my eye. Were she removed, indeed, I should be the basest of men, from any resentment of my own, to attempt putting asunder those who wish for an union. No, villain as he is, I could then wish him married, to prevent the consequences of his future debaucheries. But should I not now be the most cruel of all fathers, to sign an instrument which must send my child to the grave, merely to avoid a prison myself; and thus to escape one pang, break my child's heart with a thousand?"

He acquiesced in the justice of this answer, but could not avoid observing, that he feared my daughter's life was already too much wasted to keep me long a prisoner. However, continued he, though you refuse to submit to the nephew, I hope you have no objections to laying your case before the uncle, who has the first character in the kingdom for every thing that is just and good. I would advise you to send him a letter by the

post intimating all his nephew's ill usage, and my life for it that in three days you shall have an answer." I thank'd him for the hint, and instantly set about complying; but I wanted paper, and unluckily all our money had been laid out that morning in provisions, however he supplied me.

For the three ensuing days I was in a state of anxiety, to know what reception my letter might meet with; but in the mean time was frequently solicited by my wife to submit to any conditions rather than remain here, and every hour received repeated accounts of the decline of my daughter's health. The third day and the fourth arrived, but I received no answer to my letter: the complaints of a stranger against a favourite nephew, were no way likely to succeed; so that these hopes soon vanished like all my former. My mind, however, still supported itself though confinement and bad air began to make a visible alteration in my health, and my arm that had suffered in the fire, grew worse. But my children still sat by me, and while I was stretched on my straw, read to me by turns, or listened and wept at my instructions. But my daughter's health declined faster than mine; every message from her contributed to encrease my apprehensions and pain. The fifth morning after I had written the letter which was sent to Sir William Thornhill, I was alarmed with an account that she was speechless. Now it was that confinement was truly painful to me: my soul was bursting from its prison to be near the pillow of my child, to comfort, to strengthen her, to receive her last wishes, and teach her soul the way to heaven! Another account came. She was expiring, and yet I was debarred the small comfort of weeping by her. My fellow prisoner, some time after came with the last account. He bade me be patient. She was dead!—The next morning he returned, and found me with my two little ones, now my only companions, who were using all their innocent efforts to comfort me. They entreated to read to me, and bid me not to cry, for I was now too old to weep. "And is not my sister an angel, now, papa," cried the eldest, "and why then are you sorry for her? I wish I were an angel out of this frightful place, if my papa were with me." Yes, added my youngest darling, "Heaven where my father



is, is a finer place than this, and there are none but good people there, and the people here are very bad."

Mr. Jenkinson interrupted their harmless prattle, by observing that now my daughter was no more I should seriously think of the rest of my family, and attempt to save my own life, which was every day declining for want of necessaries and wholesome air. He added, that it was now incumbent on me to sacrifice any pride or resentment of my own, to the welfare of those who depended on me for support; and that I was now, both by reason and justice, obliged to try to reconcile my landlord.

"Heaven be praised," replied I, "there is no pride left me now, I should detest my own heart if I saw either pride, or resentment lurking there. On the contrary, as my oppressor has been once my parishioner, I hope one day to present him up an unpolluted soul at the eternal tribunal. No, sir, I have no resentment now, and though he has taken from me what I held dearer than all his treasures, though he has wrung my heart, for I am sick almost to fainting, very sick, my fellow prisoner, yet that shall never inspire me with vengeance. I am now willing to approve his marriage, and if this submission can do him any pleasure, let him know, that if I have done him any injury, I am sorry for it." Mr. Jenkinson took pen and ink, and wrote down my submission nearly as I have expressed it, to which I signed my name. My son was employed to carry the letter to Mr. Thornhill, who was then at his seat in the country. He went, and in about six hours returned with a verbal answer. He had some difficulty, he said, to get a sight of his landlord, as the servants were insolent and suspicious; but he accidentally saw him as he was going out upon business, preparing for his marriage, which was to be in three days. He continued to inform us, that he kept up in the humblest manner, and delivered the letter, which, when Mr. Thornhill had read, he said that all submission was now too late and unnecessary; that he had heard of our application to his uncle, which met with the contempt it deserved; and as for the rest, that all future applications should be directed to his attorney, not to him. He observed, however, that as he

had a very good opinion of the discretion of the young ladies, they might have been the most agreeable intercessors.

"Well, sir," said I to my fellow prisoner, "you now discover the temper of the man that oppresses me. He can at once be facetious and cruel; but let him use me as he will, I shall soon be free, in spite of all his bolts to restrain me. I am now drawing towards an abode that looks brighter as I approach it; this expectation cheers my afflictions; and though I shall leave an helpless family of orphans behind me, yet they will not be utterly forsaken; some friends perhaps, will be found to assist them for the sake of their poor father, and some may charitably relieve them for the sake of their heavenly father."

Just as I spoke, my wife, whom I had not seen that day before, appeared with looks of terror, and making efforts, but unable to speak. "Why, my love," cried I, "why will you thus encrease my affliction by your own; what though no submissions can turn our severe master, though he has doomed me to die in this place of wretchedness, and though we have lost a darling child, yet still you will find comfort in your other children when I shall be no more." "We have indeed lost," returned she, "a darling child. My Sophia, my dearest, is gone, snatched from us, carried off by ruffians."

"How, madam," cried my fellow prisoner, "Miss Sophia carried off by villains, sure it cannot be?"

She could only answer with a fixed look and a flood of tears. But one of the prisoners wives, who was present, and came in with her, gave us a more distinct account; she informed us that as my wife, my daughter, and herself, were taking a walk together on the great road a little way out of the village, a post-chaise and four drove up to them and instantly stopt. Upon which, a well-dressed man, but not Mr. Thornhill, stepping out, clasped my daughter round the waist, and forcing her in, bid the postillion drive on, so that they were out of sight in a moment.

"Now," cried I, "the sum of my miseries is made up, nor is it in the power of any thing on earth to

give me another pang. What ! not one left ! not to leave me one ! the monster ! the child that was next my heart ! she had the beauty of an angel, and almost the wisdom of an angel. But support that woman, or let her fall. Not to leave me one !”——“ Alas ! my husband,” said my wife, “ you seem to want comfort even more than I. Our distresses are great ; but I could bear this and more, if I saw you but easy. They may take away my children and all the world, if they leave me but you.”

My son, who was present, endeavoured to moderate our grief ; he bade us take comfort, for he hoped that we might still have reason to be thankful.—“ My child,” cried I, “ look round the world, and see if there be any happiness left me now. Is not every ray of comfort shut out ; while all our bright prospects only lie beyond the grave !”——“ My dear father,” returned he, “ I hope there is still something that will give you an interval of satisfaction ; for I have a letter from my brother George,”——“ What of him, child,” interrupted she, “ does he know of our misery. I hope my boy is exempt from any part of what his wretched family suffers ?”——“ Yes, sir,” returned he, “ he is perfectly gay, cheerful, and happy. His letter brings nothing but good news ; he is the favourite of his colonel, who promises to procure him the very next lieutenantancy that becomes vacant !”

“ And are you sure of all this,” cried my wife, “ are you sure that nothing ill has befallen my boy ?”——“ Nothing indeed, madam,” returned my son, “ you shall see the letter, which will give you the highest pleasure ; and if any thing can procure you comfort I am sure that will.” “ But are you sure,” still repeated she, “ that the letter is from himself, and that he is really so happy ?”——“ Yes, madam,” replied he, “ it is certainly his, and he will one day be the credit and the support of our family !”——“ Then I thank providence,” cried she, “ that my last letter to him was miscarried. Yes, my dear,” continued she, turning to me, “ I will now confess that though the hand of heaven is fore upon us in other instances, it has been favourable here. By the last letter I wrote my son,

which was in the bitterness of anger, I desired him upon his mother's blessing, and if he had the heart of a man, to see justice done his father and sister, and avenge our cause. But thanks be to him that directs all things, it has miscarried and I am at rest."

"Woman," cried I, "thou hast done very ill, and at another time my reproaches might have been more severe. Oh! what a tremendous gulph hast thou escaped, that would have buried both thee and him in endless ruin. Providence, indeed, has here been kinder to us than we to ourselves. It has reserved that son to be the father and protector of my children when I shall be away. How unjustly did I complain of being stripped of every comfort, when I still hear that he is happy and insensible of our afflictions; still kept in reserve to support his widowed mother, to protect his brothers and sisters. But what sisters has he left? he has no sisters now, they are all gone, robbed from me, and I am undone."—"Father," interrupted my son, "I beg you will give me leave to read his letter. I know it will please you." Upon which, with my permission, he read as follows:

Honoured Sir,

I Have called off my imagination a few moments from the pleasures that surround me, to fix it upon objects that are still more pleasing, the dear little fire-side at home. My fancy draws that harmless groupe as listening to every line of this with great composure. I view those faces with delight which never felt the deforming hand of ambition or distress! But whatever your happiness may be at home, I am sure it will be some addition to it to hear that I am perfectly pleased with my situation, and every way happy here.

Our regiment is countermanded and is not to leave the Kingdom; the colonel, who professes himself my friend, takes me with him to all companies where he is acquainted, and after my first visit, I generally find myself received with increased respect upon repeating it. I danced last night with Lady G——, and could I forget you know whom, I might be perhaps successful. But it is my fate still to remember others, while I am myself for-

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gotten by most of my absent friends, and in this number, I fear, Sir, that I must consider you; for I have long expected the pleasure of a letter from home to no purpose. Olivia and Sophia too, promised to write, but seem to have forgotten me. Tell them then they are two arrant little baggages, and that I am this moment in a most violent passion with them: yet still, I know not how, tho' I want to bluster a little, my heart is respondent only to softer emotions. Then tell them, sir, that after all, I love them affectionately, and be assured of my ever remaining,

Your dutiful son.

"In all our miseries," cried I, "what thanks have we not to return, that one at least of our family is exempted from what we suffer. Heaven be his guard, and keep my boy thus happy to be the supporter of his widowed mother, and the father of these two babes, which are all the patrimony I can now bequeath him. May he keep their innocence from the temptations of want, and be their conductor in the paths of honour." I had scarce said these words, when a noise, like that of a tumult, seemed to proceed from the prison below; it died away soon after, and a clanking of fetters was heard along the passage that led to my apartment. The keeper of the prison entered, holding a man all bloody, wounded and fettered with the heaviest irons. I looked with compassion on the wretch as he approached me, but with horror when I found it was my own son.—

"My George! My George! and do I behold thee thus? Wounded! Fettered! Is this thy happiness! Is this the manner you return to me! O that this sight could break my heart at once and let me die!"

"Where, Sir, is your fortitude," returned my son with an intrepid voice. "I must suffer, my life is forfeited, and let them take it; it is my last happiness that I have committed no murder, tho' I have lost all hopes of pardon."

I tried to restrain my passions for a few minutes in silence, but I thought I should have died with the effort.

"O my boy, my heart weeps to behold thee thus, and



and I cannot, cannot help it. In the moment that I thought thee blest, and prayed for thy safety, to behold thee thus again! Chained, wounded. And yet the death of the youthful is happy. But I am old, a very old man, and have lived to see this day. To see my children all untimely falling about me, while I continue a wretched survivor in the midst of ruin! May all the curses that ever sunk a soul fall heavy upon the murderer of my children. May he live, like me, to see——”

“ Hold, Sir,” replied my son, “ or I shall blush for thee. How, Sir, forgetful of your age, your holy calling, thus to arrogate the justice of heaven, and fling those curses upward that must soon descend to crush thy own grey head with destruction! No, Sir, let it be your care now to fit me for that vile death I must shortly suffer, to arm me with hope and resolution, to give me courage to drink of that bitterness which must shortly be my portion.”

“ My child, you must not die: I am sure no offence of thine can deserve so vile a punishment. My George could never be guilty of any crime to make his ancestors ashamed of him.”

“ Mine, Sir,” returned my son, “ is, I fear, and unpardonable one. I have sent a challenge, and that death by a late act of parliament. When I received my mother’s letter from home, I immediately came down, determined to punish the betrayer of our honour, and sent him an order to meet me, which he answered, not in person, but by his dispatching four of his domestics to seize me. I wounded one, but the rest made me their prisoner. The coward is determined to put the law in execution against me, the proofs are undeniable; and as I am the first transgressor upon the statute, I see no hopes of pardon. But you have often charmed me with the lessons of fortitude, let me now, Sir, find them in your example.”

“ And, my son, you shall find them. I am now raised above this world, and all the pleasures it can produce. From this moment I break from my heart all the ties that held it down to earth, and will prepare to fight both for eternity. Yes, my son, I will point out the way, and my soul shall guide yours in the ascent,

we will take our flight together. I now see and am convinced you can expect no pardon here, and I can only exhort you to seek it at that greatest tribunal where we both shall shortly answer. But let us not be niggardly in our exhortation, but let all our fellow prisoners have a share: good gaoler, let them be permitted to stand here, while I attempt to improve them." Thus saying, he made an effort to rise from my straw, but wanted strength, and was able only to recline against the wall. The prisoners assembled according to my directions, for they loved to hear my council, my son and his mother supported me on either side, I looked and saw that none were wanting, and then addressed them with the following exhortation.

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## C H A P. X.

The equal dealings of providence demonstrated with regard to the happy and the miserable here below. That from the nature of pleasure and pain, the wretched must be repaid the balance of their sufferings in the life hereafter.

**M**Y friends, my children, and fellow-sufferers, when I reflect on the distribution of good and evil here below, I find that much has been given man to enjoy, yet still more to suffer. Though we should examine the whole world, we shall not find one man so happy as to have nothing left to wish for; but we daily see thousands who by suicide shew us they have nothing left to hope. In this life then it appears that we cannot be entirely blest, but yet we may be completely miserable!

Why man should thus feel pain, why our wretchedness should be requisite in the formation of universal felicity, why, when all other systems are made perfect only by the perfection of their subordinate parts, the great system should require for its perfection, parts that are not only subordinate to others, but imperfect in themselves?

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These are questions that never can be explained, and might be useless if known. On this subject providence has thought fit to elude our curiosity, satisfied with granting us motives to consolation.

In this situation, man has called in the friendly assistance of philosophy, and heaven seeing the incapacity that to console him, has given him the aid of religion. The consolations of philosophy are very amusing, but often fallacious. It tells us that life is filled with comforts, if we will but enjoy them; and on the other hand that though we unavoidably have miseries here, life is short, and they will soon be over. Thus do these consolations destroy each other; for if life is a place of comfort, its shortness must be misery, and if it be long, our griefs are protracted. Thus philosophy is weak; but religion comforts in an higher strain. Man is here, it tells us, fitting up his mind, and preparing it for another abode. When the good man leaves the body and is in a glorious mind, he will find he has been making himself a heaven of happiness here, while the wretch that has been maimed and contaminated by his vices shrinks from his body with terror, and finds that he has anticipated the vengeance of heaven. To religion then we must hold in every circumstance of life for our true comfort; for if already we are happy, it is a pleasure to think that we can make that happiness unending, and if we are miserable, it is very consoling to think that there is a place of rest. Thus to the fortunate religion holds out a continuance of bliss, to the wretched a change from pain.

But though religion is very kind to all men, it has promised peculiar reward to the unhappy; the sick, the naked, the houseless, the heavy-laden, and the prisoners have ever most frequent promises in our sacred law. The author of our religion every where professes himself the wretch's friend, and unlike the false ones of this world bestows all his caresses upon the forlorn. The unthinking have censured this as partiality, as a preference without merit to deserve it. But they never reflect that it is not in the power even of heaven itself to make the comfort of unceasing felicity as great a gift to the happy as to the miserable. To the first eternity is but a single blessing

at most it but encreases what they already possess. In the latter it is a double advantage; for it diminishes their pain here, and rewards them with heavenly joys hereafter.

But providence is in another respect kinder to the poor than the rich; for as it thus makes the life after death more desirable, so it smoothes the passage there. The wretched have long familiarity with every face of terror. The man of sorrows lays himself quietly down, he has no possessions to regret, and but few ties to stop his departure: he feels only nature's pang in the final separation, and this is no way greater than he has often faintly foreboded before; for after a certain degree of pain, every breach that death opens in the constitution, nature speedily covers with insensibility.

Thus providence has given the wretched two advantages over the happy in this life, greater felicity in dying, and in heaven all that superiority of pleasure which arises from contrasted enjoyment. And this superiority, my friends, is no small advantage, and seems to be one of the pleasures of the poor man in the parable; for though he was already in heaven and felt all the raptures it could give, yet it was mentioned as an addition to his happiness, that he had once been wretched and now was comforted, that he had known what it was to be miserable, and now felt what it was to be happy.

Thus, my friends, you see religion does what philosophy could never do: it shews the equal dealings of heaven to the happy and to the unhappy, and levels all human enjoyments to nearly the same standard. It gives both rich and poor the same happiness hereafter, and equal hopes to aspire after it; but if the rich have the advantage of enjoying pleasure here, the poor have the less satisfaction of knowing what it was once to be miserable, when crowned with endless felicity hereafter; and even though this should be called a small advantage, being an eternal one, it must make up by duration for the temporal happiness of the great may have exceeded by intenseness.

These are therefore the consolations which the wretched have peculiar to themselves, and in which they are above the rest of mankind; in other respects they are below

below them. They who would know the miseries the poor must see life and endure it. To declaim on the temporal advantages they enjoy, is only repeating what none either believe or practise. The men who have the necessaries of living are not poor, and they who want them must be miserable. Yes, my friends we must be miserable. No vain efforts of a refined imagination can soothe the wants of nature, can give elastic sweetness to the dank vapour of a dungeon, or ease to the throbbing of a woe-worn heart. Let the philosopher from his couch of softness tell us that we can resist all these. Alas! the effort by which we resist them is still the greatest pain! Death is slight, and any man sustains it; but tortments are dreadful, and these no man can endure.

To us then, my friends, the promises of happiness in heaven should be peculiarly dear; for if our reward is in this life alone, we are then indeed of all men the most miserable. When I look round these gloomy walls made to terrify, as well as to confine us: this light that only serves to shew the horrors of the place, those shackles that tyranny has imposed, or crime made necessary when I survey these emaciated looks, and hear their groans, O my friends, what a glorious exchange would heaven be for these. To fly through regions unconfin'd as air, to bask in the sunshine of eternal bliss, to sing over endless hymns of praise, to have no master to threaten or insult us, but the form of goodness himself for ever before our eyes, when I think of these things, death becomes the messenger of very glad tidings; when I think of these things, his sharpest arrow becomes the staff of my support; when I think of these things, what is there in life worth having? When I think of these things, what is there that should not be spurned away? Kings in their palaces should groan for such advantages; but we, humbled as we are, should yearn for them.

And shall these things be ours? Ours they will certainly be, if we but try for them; and what is a comfort to us when we are shut out from many temptations that would retard our pursuit. Only let us try for them: and they will certainly be ours, and what is still a comfort, short too; for if we look back on past life, it appears but a very short span, and whatever we may think of the



of life, it will yet be found of less duration; as we grow older the days seem to grow shorter, and our intimacy with time ever lessens the perception of his stay. Then let us take comfort now, for we shall soon be at our journey's end; we shall soon lay down the heavy burthen laid by heaven upon us, and though death, the only friend of the wretched, for a little while mocks the weary traveller with the view, and like his horizon, still flies before him; yet the time will certainly and shortly come, when we shall cease from our toil; when the luxurious great ones of the world shall no more tread us to the earth; when we shall think with pleasure on our sufferings below; when we shall be surrounded with all our friends, or such as deserved our friendship; when our bliss shall be unutterable, and still, to crown all, unending.

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## C H A P. XI.

happier prospects begin to appear. Let us be inflexible, and fortune will at last change in our favour.

WHEN I had thus finished and my audience was retired, the gaoler, who was one of the most humane of his profession, hoped I would not be displeased, what he did was but his duty, observing that he must be obliged to remove my son into a stronger cell, but that he should be permitted to revisit me every morning. I thanked him for his clemency, and grasping my boy's hand, bade him farewell, and be mindful of the great duty that was before him.

I again therefore laid me down, and one of my little ones sat by my bedside reading, when Mr. Jenkinson entering, informed me that there was news of my daughter; for that she was seen by a person about two hours before in a strange gentleman's company, and that they had stopt at a neighbouring village for refreshment, and returned as if returning to town. He had scarce delivered these news, when the gaoler came with looks of haste and assurance, to inform me, that my daughter was found.

Moses came running in a moment after, crying out that his sister Sophy was below, and coming up with our old friend Mr. Burchell.

Just as he delivered this news my dearest girl entered, and with looks almost wild with pleasure, ran to kiss me in a transport of affection. Her mother's tears and silence also shewed her pleasure—"Here, papa," cried the charming girl, "here is the brave man to whom I owe my delivery; to this gentleman's intrepidity I am indebted for my happiness and safety.—" A kiss from Mr. Burchell, whose pleasure seemed even greater than hers, interrupted what she was going to add.

"Ah, Mr. Burchell," cried I, "this is but a wretched habitation you now find us in; and we are now very different from what you last saw us. You were ever our friend: we have long discovered our errors with regard to you, and repented of our ingratitude. After the vile usage you then received at my hands, I am almost ashamed to behold your face; yet I hope you'll forgive me, as I was deceived by a base ungenerous wretch, who, under the mask of friendship had undone me."

"It is impossible," replied Mr. Burchell, "that I should forgive you, as you never deserved my resentment. I partly saw your delusion then, and as it was out of my power to restrain, I could only pity it!"

"It was ever my conjecture," cried I, "that your mind was noble; but now I find it so. But tell me my dear child, how hast thou been relieved, or what the ruffians were who carried thee away?"

"Indeed, Sir," replied she, "as to the villain who brought me off, I am yet ignorant. For as my mamma and I were walking out, he came behind us, and almost before I could call for help, forced me into the post-chaise, and in an instant the horses drove away. I met several on the road, to whom I cried out for assistance; but they disregarded my entreaties. In the mean time the ruffian himself used every art to hinder me from crying out: he flattered and threatened in turns, and swore that if I continued but silent, he intended no harm. In the mean time I had broken the canvas that he had drawn up, and whom should I per-

ceive at some distance but your old friend Mr. Burchell, walking along with his usual swiftness, with the great stick for which we used so much to ridicule him. As soon as we came within hearing, I called out to him by name, and entreated his help. I repeated my exclamations several times, upon which, with a very loud voice, he bid the postilion stop; but the boy took no notice, but drove on with still greater speed. I now thought he could never overtake us, when in less than a minute I saw Mr. Burchell come running up by the side of the horses, and with one blow knock the postilion to the ground. The horses when he was fallen soon stopt of themselves, and the ruffian stepping out, with oaths and menaces drew his sword, and ordered him at his peril to retire; but Mr. Burchell running up, shivered his sword to pieces, and then pursued him for near a quarter of a mile; but he made his escape. I was at this time come out myself, willing to assist my deliverer; but he soon returned to me in triumph. The postilion, who was recovered, was going to make his escape too; but Mr. Burchell ordered him at his peril to mount again, and drive back to town. Finding it impossible to resist, he reluctantly complied, though the wound he had received seemed, to me at least, to be dangerous. He continued to complain of the pain as we drove along, so that he at last excited Mr. Burchell's compassion, who, at my request, exchanged him for another at an inn where we called on our return."

"Welcome then," cried I, "my child, and thou her gallant deliverer, a thousand welcomes. Though our cheer is but wretched, yet our hearts are ready to receive you. And now, Mr. Burchell, as you have delivered my girl, if you think her a recompence she is yours, if you can stoop to an alliance with a family so poor as mine, take her, obtain her consent, as I know you have her heart, and you have mine. And let me tell you, Sir, that I give you no small treasure, she has been celebrated for beauty it is true, but that is not my meaning, I give you up a treasure in her mind."

"But I suppose, Sir" cried Mr. Burchell, "that you are apprized of my circumstances, and of my incapacity to support her as she deserves?"

"If your present objection," replied I, "be meant as an evasion of my offer, I desist: but I know no man so worthy to deserve her as you; and if I could give her thousands, and thousands sought her from me, yet my honest brave Burchell should be my dearest choice."

To all this his silence alone seemed to give a mortifying refusal, and without the least reply to my offer, he demanded if we could not be furnished with refreshment from the next inn? To which being answered in the affirmative, he ordered them to send in the best dinner that could be provided upon such short notice. He bespoke also a dozen of their best wine; and some cordials for me. Adding, with a smile, that he 'would stretch a little for once, and tho' in a prison, asserted he was never better disposed to be merry. The waiter soon made his appearance with preparations for dinner, a table was lent us by the gaoler, who seemed remarkably assiduous, the wine was disposed in order, and two very well-drest dishes were brought in.

My daughter had not yet heard of her poor brother's melancholy situation, and we all seemed unwilling to damp her cheerfulness by the relation. But it was in vain, that I attempted to appear cheerful, the circumstances of my unfortunate son broke through all efforts to dissemble: so that I was at last obliged to damp our mirth by relating his misfortunes, and wishing that he might be permitted to share with us in this little interval of satisfaction. After my guests were recovered from the consternation my account had produced, I requested also that Mr. Jenkinson a fellow prisoner might be admitted, and the gaoler granted my request with an air of unusual submission. The clanking of my son's irons was no sooner heard along the passage, than his sister ran impatiently to meet him; while Mr. Burchell in the meantime, asked me if my son's name was George, to which replying in the affirmative, he still continued silent. As soon as my boy entered the room, I could perceive he regarded Mr. Burchell with a look of astonishment and reverence. "Come on," cried I, "my son, though we

are fallen very low, yet providence has been pleased to grant us some small relaxation from pain. Thy sister is restored to us, and there is her deliverer; to that brave man it is that I am indebted for yet having a daughter, give him, my boy, the hand of friendship, he deserves our warmest gratitude."

My son seemed all this while regardless of what I said, and still continued fixed at respectful distance—"My dear brother," cried his sister, "why don't you thank my good deliverer; the brave should ever love each other."

He still continued his silence and astonishment, till our guest at last perceived himself to be known, and assuming all his native dignity, desired my son to come forward. Never before had I seen any thing so truly majestic as the air he assumed upon this occasion. The greatest object in the universe, says a certain philosopher, is a good man struggling with adversity; yet there is still a greater, which is the good man that comes to relieve it. After he had regarded my son for some time with a superior air, "I again find," said he, "unthinking boy, that the same crime"—But here he was interrupted by one of the gaoler's servants, who came to inform us that a person of distinction, who had driven into town with a chariot and several attendants, sent his respects to the gentleman that was with us, and begged to know when he should think proper to be waited upon.——

"Bid the fellow wait, cried our guest, till I shall have leisure to receive him;" and then turning to my son, "I again find, Sir," proceeded he, "that you are guilty of the same offence for which you once had my reproof, and for which the law is now preparing its justest punishment. You imagine, perhaps, that a contempt for your own life, gives you a right to take that of another: but where, Sir, is the difference between a duelist who hazards a life of no value, and the murderer who acts with greater security? Is it any diminution of the gamester's fraud when he alleges that he has staked a counter?"

"Alas, Sir," cried I, "whoever you are, pity the poor misguided creature; for what he has done was in obedience to a deluded mother, who in the bitterness



of her resentment required him upon her blessing to avenge her quarrel. Here, Sir is the letter, which will serve to convince you of her imprudence and diminish his guilt."

He took the letter and hastily read it over. "This," says he, though not a perfect excuse, is such a palliation of his fault, as induces me to forgive him: And now Sir" continued he, kindly taking my son by the hand, "I see you are surprized at finding me here; but I have often visited prisons upon occasions less interesting. I am now come to see justice done a worthy man, for whom I have the most sincere esteem. I have long been a disguised spectator of thy father's benevolence. I have at his little dwelling enjoyed respect uncontaminated by flattery, and have received that happiness that courts could not give, from the amusing simplicity round his fire-side. My nephew has been apprized of my intentions of coming here, and I find is arrived; it would be wronging him and you to condemn him without examination: if there be injury, there shall be redress, and this I may say without boasting, that none have ever taxed the injustice of Sir William Thornhill.

We now found the personage whom we had so long entertained as an harmless amusing companion, was no other than the celebrated Sir William Thornhill, whose virtues and singularities scarce any were strangers. The poor Mr. Burehell was in reality a man of large fortune and great interest, to whom senates listened with applause, and whose party heard with conviction; who was the friend of his country, but loyal to his king. My poor wife recollecting her former familiarity, seemed to shrink with apprehension; but Sophia, who a few moments before thought him her own, now perceiving the immense distance to which he was removed by fortune, was unable to conceal her tears.

"Ah, Sir" cried my wife, with a piteous aspect, how is it possible that I can ever have your forgiveness; the slights you received from me the last time I had the honour of seeing you at our house, and the jokes which audaciously threw out, these jokes, Sir, I fear can never be forgiven."

"My dear good lady," returned he with a smile, "If you had your joke, I had my answer: I'll leave it to all the company if mine were not as good as yours.—To say the truth, I know no body whom I am disposed to be angry with at present but the fellow who so frightened my little girl here. I had not even time to examine the rascal's person so as to describe him in an advertisement. Can you tell me, Sophia, my dear, whether you should know him again?"

"Indeed, Sir," replied she, "I can't be positive; yet now I recollect he had a large mark over one of his eye-brows." "I ask pardon, madam," interrupted Jenkinson, who was by, "but be so good as to inform me if the fellow wore his own red hair?"—"Yes, I think so," cried Sophia.—"And did your honour," continued he, turning to Sir William, "observe the length of his legs?"—"I can't be sure of their length," cried the Baronet, "but I am convinced of their swiftness; for he out-ran me, which is what I thought few men in the kingdom could have done."—"Please your honour," cried Jenkinson, "I know the man: it is certainly the same; the best runner in England; he has beaten Pinwire of Newcastle, Timothy Baxter is his name, I know him perfectly, and the very place of his retreat this moment. If your honour will bid Mr. Gaoler let two of his men go with me, I'll engage to produce him to you in an hour at farthest. Upon this the gaoler was called, who instantly appearing, Sir William demanded if he knew him. "Yes, please your honour," reply'd the gaoler, "I know Sir William Thornhill well, and every body that knows any thing of him, will desire to know more of him."—"Well then," said the baronet, "my request is, that you will permit this man and two of your servants to go upon a message by my authority, and as I am in the commission of the peace, I undertake to secure you."—"Your promise is sufficient," replied the other, and you may at a minute's warning send them over England whenever your honour thinks fit."

In pursuance of the gaoler's compliance, Jenkinson was dispatched in search of Timothy Baxter, while we were amused with the assiduity of our youngest boy Bill, who had

had just come in and climbed up to Sir William's room in order to kiss him. His mother was immediately going to chastise his familiarity, but the worthy man prevented her; and taking the child, all ragged as he was, upon his knee, "What, Bill, you chubby rogue," cried he, "do you remember your old friend Burchell; and Dick too, my honest veteran, are you here, you shall find I have not forgot you." So saying, he gave each a large piece of gingerbread, which the poor fellows eat very heartily, as they had got that morning but a very scanty breakfast.

We now sat down to dinner, which was almost cold; but previously, my arm still continuing painful, Sir William wrote a prescription, for he had made the study of physic his amusement, and was more than moderately skilled in the profession; this being sent to an apothecary who lived in the place, my arm was dressed, and I found almost instantaneous relief. We were waited upon at dinner by the gaoler himself, who was willing to do our guest all the honour in his power. But before we had well dined, another message was brought from his nephew, desiring permission to appear, in order to vindicate his innocence and honour, with which request the baronet complied, and desired Mr. Thornhill to be introduced.

## CHAP. XII.

Former benevolence now repaid with unexpected interest.

**M**R. Thornhill made his entrance with a smile which he seldom wanted, and was going to embrace his uncle, which the other repulsed with an air of disdain. "No fawning, Sir, at present," cried the baronet, with a look of severity, "the only way to my heart is by the road of honour; but here I only see complicated instances of falsehood, cowardice, and oppression. How is it, Sir, that this poor man, for whom I know you professed a friendship, is used thus hardly

ardly? His daughter vilely seduced, as a recompence for his hospitality, and he himself thrown into a prison perhaps but for resenting the insult? His son too, whom you feared to face as a man——”

“Is it possible, Sir,” interrupted his nephew, “that my uncle could object that as a crime which his repeated instructions alone have persuaded me to avoid.” “Your rebuke,” cried Sir, William, “is just: you have acted in this instance prudently and well, though not quite as your father would have done: my brother indeed was the soul of honour; but thou—yes you have acted in this instance perfectly right, and it has my warmest approbation.”

“And I hope,” said his nephew, “that the rest of my conduct will not be found to deserve censure. I appeared, Sir, with this gentleman’s daughter at some places of public amusement: thus what was levity, scandal called by a harsher name, and it was reported that I had debauched her. I waited on her father in person, willing to clear the thing to his satisfaction, and he received me only with insult and abuse. As for the rest, with regard to his being here, my attorney and steward can best inform you, as I commit the management of business entirely to them. If he has contracted debts and is unwilling or even unable to pay them, it is their business to proceed in this manner, and I see no hardship or injustice in pursuing the most legal means of redress.”

“If this,” cried Sir William, “be as you have stated, there is nothing unpardonable in your offence; and though your conduct might have been more generous in not suffering this gentleman to be oppressed by subordinate tyranny, yet it has been at least equitable.”

“He cannot contradict a single particular,” replied the squire, “I defy him to do so, and several of my servants are ready to attest what I say. Thus, Sir,” continued he, finding that I was silent, for in fact I could not contradict him, “thus, Sir, my own innocence is indicated; but though at your entreaty I am ready to forgive this gentleman every other offence, yet his attempts to lessen me in your esteem, excite a resentment that I cannot govern.——And this too at a time when

when his son was actually preparing to take away his life; this, I say, was such guilt, that I am determined to let the law take its course. I have here the challenge that was sent me and two witnesses to prove it; and even though my uncle himself should dissuade me, which I know he will not, yet I will see public justice done, and he shall suffer for it."

"Thou monster," cried my wife, "hast thou not had vengeance enough already, but must my poor boy feel thy cruelty. I hope that good Sir William will protect us, for my son is as innocent as a child; I am sure he is, and never did harm to man."

"Madam," replied the good man, "your wishes for his safety are not greater than mine; but I am forced to find his guilt too plain; and if my nephew persists—But the appearance of Jenkinson and the gaoler's two servants now called off our attention, who entered, halting in a tall man, very genteelly dressed, and answering the description already given of the ruffian who had carried off my daughter—"Here," cried Jenkinson, pulling him in, "here we have him, and if ever there was a candidate for Tyburn, this is one."

The moment Mr. Thornhill perceived the prisoner and Jenkinson who had him in custody, he seemed to shrink back with terror. His face became pale with conscious guilt, and he would have withdrawn; but Jenkinson, who perceived his design, stopped him—

"What, 'squire, cried he, "are you ashamed of your two old acquaintances, Jenkinson and Baxter: but this is the way that all great men forget their friends though I am resolved we will not forget you.—Our prisoner, please your honour," continued he, turning to Sir William, "has already confessed all.—He declares that it was Mr. Thornhill who first put him upon this affair, that he gave him the cloaths he now wears to appear like a gentleman, and furnished him with the post-chaise. The plan was laid between them that he should carry off the young lady to a place of safety, and that there he should threaten and terrify her; but Mr. Thornhill was to come in, at the mean time, as if by accident, to her rescue, and that they should fight a while, and then he was to



by which Mr. Thornhill would have the better opportunity of gaining her affections himself under the character of her defender."

Sir William remembered the coat to have been frequently worn by his nephew, and all the rest the prisoner himself confirmed by a more circumstantial account; including, that Mr. Thornhill had often declared to him that he was in love with both sisters at the same time.

"Heavens," cried Sir William, "what a viper have been fostering in my bosom! And so fond of public office too as he seemed to be. But he shall have it; cure him, Mr. Gaoler—yet hold, I fear there is not legal evidence to detain him."

Upon this, Mr. Thornhill, with the utmost humility, treated that two such abandoned wretches might not be admitted as evidences against him, but that his servants could be examined.—"Your servants," replied Sir William, "wretch, call them yours no longer: but come let us hear what those fellows have to say, let his butler be called."

When the butler was introduced, he soon perceived his former master's looks that all his power was now over. "Tell me," cried Sir William sternly, "have you ever seen your master and that fellow dressed up in his cloaths in company together?" "Yes, please your honour," cried the butler, "a thousand times: he was the man that always brought him his ladies."—"How," interrupted young Mr. Thornhill, "this to my face!"—"Yes," replied the butler, "or to any man's face. To tell you a truth, master Thornhill, never either loved you or liked you, and I don't care if I tell you now a piece of my mind."—"Now then," cried Jenkinson, "tell his honour whether you know any thing of me."—"I can't say," replied the butler, "that I know much good of you. The night that gentleman's daughter was deluded to our house, you were one of them."—"So then," cried Sir William, "I find you have brought a very fine witness to prove your innocence: thou stain to humanity! to associate with such wretches!" (But continuing his examination) "You tell me, Mr. Butler, that this was

was the person who brought him this old gentleman's daughter."—"No, please your honour," replied the butler, "he did not bring her, for the 'squire himself undertook that business; but he brought the priest that pretended to marry them."—"It is but too true," cried Jenkinson, "I cannot deny it, that was the employment assigned me, and I confess it to my confusion."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the baronet, "how every new discovery of his villainy alarms me. All his guilt is now too plain, and I find his present prosecution was dictated by tyranny, cowardice and revenge; at my request, Mr. Gaoler, set this young officer, now your prisoner, free, and trust to me for the consequences.—I'll make it my business to set the affair in a proper light to my friend the magistrate who has committed him. But where is the unfortunate young lady herself: let her appear to confront this wretch, I long to know by what arts he has seduced her honour. Entreat her to come in. Where is she?"

"Ah, Sir," said I, "that question stings me to the heart: I was once indeed happy in a daughter, but her miseries."—Another interruption here prevented me; for who should make her appearance but Miss Arabella Wilmot, who was next day to have been married to Mr. Thornhill. Nothing could equal her surprise at seeing Sir William and his nephew here before her; for her arrival was quite accidental. It happened that she and the old gentleman her father were passing through the town, on their way to her aunt's, who had insisted that her nuptials with Mr. Thornhill should be consummated at her house; but stopping for refreshment, they put up at an inn at the other end of the town. It was there from the window that the young lady happened to observe one of my little boys playing in the street, and instantly sending a footman to bring the child to her, she learnt from him some account of our misfortunes; but was still kept ignorant of young Mr. Thornhill's being in the cause. Though her father made several remonstrances on the impropriety of going to a prison to visit us, yet they were ineffectual; she desired the child to conduct

conduct her, which he did, and it was thus she surprised  
 s at a juncture so unexpected.

Nor can I go on, without a reflection on those acci-  
 dental meetings, which, though they happen every day,  
 seldom excite our surprize but upon some extraordinary  
 occasion. To what a fortuitous concurrence do we not  
 owe every pleasure and convenience of our lives. How  
 many seeming accidents must unite before we can be  
 clothed or fed. The peasant must be disposed to labour,  
 the shower must fall, the wind fill the merchant's sail, or  
 numbers must want the usual supply.

We all continued silent for some moments, while my  
 charming pupil, which was the name I generally gave  
 this young lady, united in her looks compassion and  
 astonishment, which gave new finishings to her beauty.  
 "Indeed, my 'dear Mr. Thornhill," cried she to the  
 squire, who she supposed was come here to succour and  
 not to oppress us; "I take it a little unkindly that you  
 should come here without me, or never inform me of  
 the situation of a family so dear to us both; you know  
 I should take as much pleasure in contributing to the  
 relief of my reverend old master here, whom I shall ever  
 esteem, as you can. But I find that, like your uncle,  
 you take a pleasure in doing good in secret."

"He find pleasure in doing good!" cried Sir Wil-  
 liam, interrupting her. "No, my dear, his pleasures  
 are as base as he is.—You see in him, madam, as  
 complete a villain as ever disgraced humanity. A wretch,  
 who after having deluded this poor man's daughter,  
 after plotting against the innocence of her sister, has  
 thrown the father into prison, and the eldest son into  
 fetters, because he had courage to face his betrayer.—  
 And give me leave, madam, now to congratulate  
 you upon an escape from the embraces of such a  
 monster."

"O goodness," cried the lovely girl, "how have I  
 been deceived! Mr. Thornhill informed me for cer-  
 tain that this gentleman's eldest son, Captain Primrose,  
 was gone off to America with his new-married lady."

"My sweetest miss," cried my wife, "he has told  
 you nothing but falsehoods. My son George never  
 left the kingdom, nor ever was married. Tho' you

have forsaken him, he has always loved you too well to think of any body else; and I have heard him say "he would die a batchelor for your sake." She then proceeded to expatiate upon the sincerity of her son's passion: she set his duel with Mr. Thornhill in a proper light; from thence she made a rapid digression to the 'squire's debaucheries, his pretended marriages, and ended with a most insulting picture of his cowardice.

"Good heavens!" cried Miss Wilmot, how very "near have I been to the brink of ruin! But how great is my pleasure to have escaped it! Ten thousand falsehoods has this gentleman told me! He had at last art enough to persuade me that my promise to the only man I esteemed was no longer binding, since he had been unfaithful. By his falsehoods I was taught to detest one equally brave and generous!"

But by this time my son was freed from the incumbrances of justice. Mr. Jenkinson also, who had acted as his valet de chambre, had dressed up his hair, and furnished him with whatever was necessary to make a genteel appearance. He now therefore entered, handsomely dressed in his regimentals, and without vanity, (for I am above it) he appeared as handsome a fellow as ever wore a military dress. As he entered, he made Miss Wilmot a modest and distant bow, for he was not as yet acquainted with the change which the eloquence of his mother had wrought in his favour. But no decorums could restrain the impatience of his blushing mistress to be forgiven. Her tears, her looks, all contributed to discover the real sensations of her heart for having forgotten her former promise, and having suffered herself to be deluded by an impostor. My son appeared amazed at her condescension, and could scarce believe it real.—"Sure madam," cried he, "this is but delusion! I can never have merited this! To be blest thus is to be too happy."——No, Sir, replied she, "I have been deceived, basely deceived, else nothing could have ever made me unjust to my promise. You know my friendship, you have long known it; but forget what I have done, and as you once had my warmest vows of constancy, you shall now have them repeated; and be assured that if your Arabella cannot be yours, she shall never

never be another's."—"And no other's you shall be," cried Sir William, "if I have any influence with your father."

This hint was sufficient for my son Moses, who immediately flew to the inn where the old gentleman was, to inform him of every circumstance that had happened. But in the mean time the 'squire perceiving that he was on every side undone, now finding that no hopes were left from flattery and dissimulation, concluded that his wisest way would be to turn and face his pursuers. Thus laying aside all shame, he appeared the open hardy villain. "I find then," cried he, "that I am to expect no justice here; but I am resolved it shall be done me.——" "You shall know, Sir," turning to Sir William, "I am no longer a power depending upon your favours. I scorn them. Nothing can keep Miss Wilmot's fortune from me, which, I thank her father's assiduity, is pretty large. The articles, and a bond for her fortune, are signed, and safe in my possession. It was her fortune, not her person, that induced me to wish for this match, and possessed of the one, let who will take the other."

This was an alarming blow, Sir William was sensible of the justice of his claims, for he had been instrumental in drawing up the marriage articles himself. Miss Wilmot therefore perceiving that her fortune was irretrievably lost, turning to my son, she asked if the loss of fortune could lessen her value to him. "Though fortune," said she, "is out of my power, at least I have my hand to give."

"And that, madam," cried her real lover, was indeed "all that you ever had to give; at least all that I ever thought worth the acceptance. And I now protest, my Arabella by all that's happy, your want of fortune this moment encreases my pleasure, as it serves to convince my sweet girl of my sincerity."

Mr. Wilmot now entering, he seemed not a little pleased at the danger his daughter had just escaped, and readily consented to a dissolution of the match. But finding that her fortune, which was secured to Mr. Thornhill by bond, would not be given up, nothing could exceed his disappointment. He now saw that his



money must all go to enrich one who had no fortune of his own. He could bear his being a rascal; but to want an equivalent to his daughter's fortune was wormwood. He sat therefore for some minutes employed in the most mortifying speculations till Sir William attempted to lessen his anxiety.—"I must confess, Sir," cried he, "that your present disappointment does not entirely displease me. Your immoderate passion for wealth is now justly punished. But tho' the young lady cannot be rich, she has still a competence sufficient to give content. Here you see an honest young soldier, who is willing to take her without fortune; they have long loved each other, and for the friendship I bear his father, my interest shall not be wanting for his promotion. Leave then that ambition which disappoints you, and for once admit happiness which courts your acceptance"

"Sir William," replied the old gentleman, "be assured I never yet forced her inclinations, nor will I now. If she still continues to love this young gentleman, let her have him with all my heart. There is still, thank heaven, some fortune left, and your promise will make it something more. Only let my old friend here (meaning me) give me a promise of settling six thousand pounds upon my girl, if ever he should come to his fortune, and I am ready this night to be the first to join them together."

As it now remained with me to make the young couple happy, I readily gave a promise of making the settlement he required, which to one who had such little expectations as I, was no great favour.—We had now therefore the satisfaction of seeing them fly into each other's arms in a transport. "After all my misfortunes," cried my son George, "to be thus rewarded! Sure this is more than I could ever have presumed to hope for.—To be possessed of all that's good, and after such an interval of pain! My warmest wishes could never rise so high!"—"Yes, my George," returned his lovely bride, now let the wretch take my fortune; since you are happy without it, so am I. O what an exchange have I made from the basest of men to the dearest, best.—Let him enjoy our fortune, I now can

be happy even in indigence.”——“ And I promise you,” cried the 'squire, with a malicious grin, “ that I shall be very happy with what you despise.”——“ Hold, hold, Sir,” cried Jenkinson, “ there are two words to that bargain.——As for that lady's fortune, Sir, you shall never touch a single stiver of it. Pray your honour,” continued he to Sir William, “ can the 'squire have this lady's fortune if he be married to another?”——“ How can you make such a simple demand,” replied the baronet, “ undoubtedly he cannot.”——“ I am sorry for that,” cried Jenkinson; for as this gentleman and I have been old fellow sporters, I have a friendship for him. But I must declare, well as I love him, that his contract is not worth a tobacco stopper, for he is married already.”——“ You lie like a rascal,” returned the 'squire, who seemed roused by this insult, “ I never was legally married to any woman.”——“ Indeed, begging your honour's pardon,” replied the other, “ you were; and I hope you will shew a proper return of friendship to your own honest Jenkinson, who brings you a wife, and if the company restrain their curiosity a few minutes, they shall see her.”——So saying he went off with his usual celerity, and left us all unable to form any probable conjecture as to his design.——“ Ay let him go,” cried the 'squire, “ whatever else I may have done I defy him there. I am too old now to be frightened with 'squibs.”

“ I am surpris'd,” said the baronet, “ what the fellow can intend by this. Some low piece of humour I suppose!”——“ Perhaps, Sir,” replied I, “ he may have a more serious meaning.——For when we reflect on the various schemes this gentleman laid to seduce innocence, perhaps some one, more artful than the rest, has been found able to deceive him. When we consider what numbers he has ruined, how many parents now feel with anguish the infamy and the contamination which he has brought into their families, it would not surprise me if some one of them.——Amazement! Do I see my lost daughter! Do I hold her! It is, it is my life, my happiness. I thought thee lost, my Olivia, yet still I hold thee—and still shalt thou live

to bless me."—The warmest transports of the fondest lover were not greater than mine when I saw him introduce my child, and held my daughter in my arms, whose silence only spoke her raptures. "And art thou returned to me, my darling," cried I, "to be my comfort in age!"—"That she is," cried Jenkinson, "and make much of her, for she is your own honourable child, and as honest a woman as any in the whole room, let the other be who she will. And as for you, 'squire, as sure as you stand there, this young lady is your lawful wedded wife. And to convince you that I speak nothing but truth, here is the licence by which you were married together."——So saying, he put the licence into the baronet's hands, who read it, and found it perfect in every respect. "And now, gentlemen," continued he, "I find you are surpris'd at all this; but a few words will explain the difficulty. That there 'squire of renown, for whom I have a great friendship, but that's between ourselves, has often employed me in doing odd little things for him. Among the rest he commissioned me to procure him a false licence and a false priest, in order to deceive this young lady. But as I was very much his friend, what did I do but I went and got a true licence and a true priest, and married them both as fast as the cloth could make them. Perhaps you'll think it was generosity that made me do all this. But no. To my shame I confess it, my only design was to keep the licence, and let the 'squire know that I could prove it upon him whenever I thought proper, and so make him come down whenever I wanted money." A burst of pleasure now seem'd to fill the whole apartment; our joy reach'd even to the common room, where the prisoners themselves sympathized,

*And shook their chains*

*In transport and rude harmony.*

Happiness expanded upon every face, and even Olivia's cheek seem'd flushed with pleasure. To be thus restored to reputation, to friends and fortune at once, was a rapture sufficient to stop the progress of decay

and

and restore former health and vivacity. But perhaps among all there was not one who felt sincerer pleasure than I. Still holding the dear-loved child in my arms, I asked my heart if these transports were not delusion. "How could you," cried I turning to Mr. Jenkinson, "how could you add to my miseries by the story of her death! But it matters not, my pleasure at finding her again, is more than a recompence for the pain."

"As to your question," replied Jenkinson, "that is easily answered. I thought the only probable means of freeing you from prison, was by submitting to the squire, and consenting to his marriage with the other young lady. But these you had vowed never to grant while your daughter was living: there was therefore no other method to bring things to bear but by persuading you that she was dead. I prevailed on your wife to join in the deceit, and we have not had a fit opportunity of undeceiving you till now."

In the whole assembly now there only appeared two faces that did not glow with transport. Mr. Thorhill's assurance had entirely forsaken him: he now saw the gulph of infamy and want before him, and trembled to take the plunge. He therefore fell on his knees before his uncle, and in a voice of piercing misery implored compassion. Sir William was going to spurn him away, but at my request he raised him, and after pausing a few moments, "Thy vices, crimes, and ingratitude," cried he, "deserves no tenderness; yet thou shalt not be entirely forsaken, a bare competence shall be supplied, to support the wants of life, but not its follies. This young lady, thy wife, shall be put in possession of a third part of that fortune which once was thine, and from her tenderness alone thou art to expect any extraordinary supplies for the future." He was going to express his gratitude for such kindness in a set speech; but the Baronet prevented him by bidding him not to aggravate his meanness, which was already but too aparent. He ordered him at the same time to be gone, and from all his former domestics to chuse out one such as he should think proper, which was all that should be granted to attend him.

As

As soon as he left us, Sir William very politely stepped up to his new niece with a smile, and wished her joy.

His example was followed by Miss Wilmot and her father; my wife too kissed her daughter with much affection, as, to use her own expression, she was now made an honest woman of. Sophia and Moses followed in turn, and even our benefactor Jenkinson desired to be admitted to that honour. Our satisfaction seemed scarce capable of increase. Sir William, whose greatest pleasure was in doing good, now looked round with a countenance open as the sun, and saw nothing but joy in the looks of all except that of my daughter Sophia, who, for some reasons we could not comprehend, did not seem perfectly satisfied. "I think now," cried he, with a smile, "that all the company, except one or two, seem perfectly happy. There only remains an act of justice for me to do. You are sensible, Sir," continued he, turning to me, "of the obligations we both owe Mr. Jenkinson for his late assiduity in detecting a scoundrel. It is but just we should both reward him for it.——Your youngest daughter Miss Sophia, will, I am sure, make him very happy, and he shall have from me five hundred pounds as her fortune, and upon this I am sure they can live very comfortably together. Come, Miss Sophia, what say you to this match of my making? Will you have him?"——My poor girl seemed almost sinking into her mother's arms at the hideous proposal. "Have him, Sir!" cried she faintly. "No, Sir, never." "What," cried he again, "not have Mr. Jenkinson your benefactor, an handsome young fellow, with five hundred pounds and good expectations!"——"I beg, Sir," returned she, scarce able to speak, "that you will desist, and not make me so very wretched."——"Whatever such obstinacy known," cried he again, "to refuse a man whom the family has such infinite obligations to who preserved your sister. What, not have him!"——"No, Sir, never," replied she angrily, "I'd sooner die first."——"If that be the case then," cried he, "you will not have him—I think I must have you myself. And so saying he caught her to his breast with ardour. "My loveliest, my most sensible of girls," cried he, "how could you ever think your own Burchell could deceive



deceive you, or that Sir William Thornhill could ever cease to admire a mistress that loved him for himself alone? I have for some years sought for a woman, who, a stranger to my fortune, could think that I had merit as a man. After having tried in vain, even amongst the pert and ugly, how great at last must be my rapture to have made a conquest over such sense and such heavenly beauty!" Then turning to Jenkinson, "As I cannot, Sir, part with this young lady myself, for she has taken a fancy to the cut of my face, all the recompence I can make is to give you her fortune; and you may call upon my steward to-morrow for five hundred pounds." Thus we had all our compliments to repeat, and Lady Thornhill underwent the same round of ceremony that her sister had done before. In the mean time Sir William's gentleman appeared to tell us that the equipages were ready to carry us to the inn, where every thing was prepared for our reception. My wife and I led the van, and left those gloomy mansions of sorrow. The generous Baronet ordered forty pounds to be distributed among the prisoners, and Mr. Wilmot, induced by his example, gave half that sum. We were received below by the shouts of the villagers, and I saw and shook by the hand two or three of my honest parishioners, who were among the number. They attended us to our inn, where a sumptuous entertainment was provided, and coarser provisions distributed in great quantities among the populace.

After supper, as my spirits were exhausted by the alternation of pleasure and pain which they had sustained during the day, I asked permission to withdraw, and leaving the company in the midst of their mirth, as soon as I found myself alone, I poured out my heart in gratitude to the giver of joy as well as of sorrow, and then slept undisturbed till morning.

## C H A P. XIII.

## The Conclusion.

THE next morning as soon as I awakened, I found my eldest son sitting by my bed-side, who came to encrease my joy with another turn of fortune in my favour. First having released me from the settlement that I had made the day before in his favour, he let me know that my merchant who had failed in town was arrested at Antwerp, and there had given up effects to a much greater amount than what was due to his creditors. My boy's generosity pleased me almost as much as this unlooked-for good fortune. But I had some doubts whether I ought in justice to accept his offer. While I was pondering upon this, Sir William entered the room, to whom I communicated my doubts. His opinion was, that as my son was already possessed of a very affluent fortune by his marriage, I might accept his offer without any hesitation. His business, however, was to inform me, that as he had the night before sent for the licences, and expected them every hour, he hoped that I would not refuse my assistance in making all the company happy that morning. A footman entered while we were speaking, to tell us that the messenger was returned, and as I was by this time ready, I went down, where I found the whole company as merry as affluence and innocence could make them. However, as they were now preparing for a very solemn ceremony, their laughter entirely displeased me. I told them of the grave, becoming and sublime deportment they should assume upon this mystical occasion, and read them two homilies and a thesis of my own composition in order to prepare them. Yet they still seemed perfectly refractory and ungovernable. Even as we were going along to church, to which I led the way, all gravity had quite forsaken them, and I was often tempted to turn back in indignation. In church a new dilemma arose which promised no easy solution. This was, which couple should be married first; my son's bride warmly insisted, That lady Thornhill (that was to be) should

the lead; but this the other refused with equal ardour, protesting she would not be guilty of such rudeness for the world. The argument was supported for some time between both with equal obstinacy and good breeding. But as I stood all this time with my book ready, I was at last quite tired of the contest, and shutting it, "I perceive," cried I, "that none of you have a mind to be married, and I think we had as good go back again; for I suppose there will be no business done here to-day."—This at once reduced them to reason. The Baronet and his Lady were first married, and then my son and his lovely partner.

I had previously that morning given orders that a coach should be sent for my honest neighbour Flamborough and his family, by which means, upon our return to the inn, we had the pleasure of finding the two Miss Flamboroughs alighted before us. Mr. Jenkinson gave his hand to the eldest, and my son Moses led up the other: (and I have since found that he has taken a real liking to the girl, and my consent and bounty he shall have whenever he thinks proper to demand them.) We were no sooner returned to the inn, but numbers of my parishioners, hearing of my success, came to congratulate me, but among the rest were those who rose to rescue me, and whom I formerly rebuked with such sharpness. I told the story to Sir William, my son-in-law, who went out and reprov'd them with great severity; but finding them quite disheartened by his harsh reproof, he gave them half a guinea a-piece to drink his health, and raise their dejected spirits.

Soon after this we were called to a very genteel entertainment, which was dress'd by Mr. Thornhill's cook. And it may not be improper to observe with respect to that gentleman, that he now resides in quality of companion at a relation's house, being very well liked and seldom sitting at the side-table, except when there is no room at the other; for they make no stranger of him. His time is pretty much taken up in keeping his relation, who is a little melancholy, in spirits, and in learning to blow the French-horn. My eldest daughter, however, still remembers him with regret; and she has even told me, though I make a great secret of it, that when he re-

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forms may be brought to relent. But to return. I am not apt to digress thus; when we were to sit down to dinner our ceremonies were going to be renewed. The question was whether my eldest daughter, as being a matron, should not sit above the two young brides, but the debate was cut short by my son George, who proposed, that the company should sit indiscriminately, every gentleman by his lady. This was received with great approbation by all, excepting my wife, who I could perceive was not perfectly satisfied, as she expected to have had the pleasure of sitting at the head of the table and carving all the meat for all the company. But notwithstanding this, it is impossible to describe our good humour. I can't say whether we had more wit amongst us now than usual; but I am certain we had more laughing, which answered the end as well. One jest I particularly remember, old Mr. Wilmot drinking to Moses, whose head was turned another way, my son replied, "Madam, I thank you." Upon which the old gentleman, winking upon the rest of the company, observed that he was thinking of his mistress. At which jest I thought the two Miss Flamboroughs would have died with laughing. As soon as dinner was over, according to my old custom, I requested that the table might be taken away, to have the pleasure of seeing all my family assembled once more by a chearful fire-side. My two little ones sat upon each knee, the rest of the company by their partners. I had nothing now on this side of the grave to wish for, all my cares were over, my pleasure was unspeakable. It now only remained that my gratitude in good fortune should exceed my former submission in adversity.

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